POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WESTERN STATES

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Poems of Places.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

AMERICA

WESTERN STATES

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE FAR WEST.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brook-side,
While over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TO THE WEST! TO THE WEST!

TO the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go;
Where the green waving forests that echo our call
Are wide as old England, and free to us all;
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have
rolled,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,

While there 's light in the sunshine and breath in the air.
The bold independence, that labor shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh.
Away! far away! let us hope for the best,
And build up new homes in the Land of the West!

Charles Mackay.

THE PIONEERS.

ROUSE! brothers, rouse! we 've far to travel,
Free as the winds we love to roam,
Far through the prairie, far through the forest,
Over the mountains we 'll find a home.
We cannot breathe in crowded cities,
We 're strangers to the ways of trade;
We long to feel the grass beneath us,
And ply the hatchet and the spade.

Meadows and hills and ancient woodlands
Offer us pasture, fruit, and corn;
Needing our presence, courting our labor; —
Why should we linger like men forlorn?
We love to hear the ringing rifle,
The smiting axe, the falling tree; —
And though our life be rough and lonely,
If it be honest, what care we?

Fair elbow-room for men to thrive in!
Wide elbow-room for work or play!
If cities follow, tracing our footsteps,
Ever to westward shall point our way!

Rude though our life, it suits our spirit,
And new-born States in future years
Shall own us founders of a nation, —
And bless the hardy pioneers.

Charles Mackay.

TO THE WEST.

LAND of the West! — green forest-land!
Clime of the fair, and the immense!
Favorite of Nature's liberal hand,
And child of her munificence!
Filled with a rapture warm, intense,
High on a cloud-girt hill I stand;
And with clear vision gazing thence,
Thy glories round me far expand:
Rivers, whose likeness earth has not,
And lakes, that elsewhere seas would be,
Whose shores the countless wild herds dot,
Fleet as the winds, and all as free;
Mountains that pierce the bending sky,
And with the storm-cloud warfare wage,
Shooting their glittering peaks on high,
To mock the fierce red lightning's rage;
Arcadian vales, with vine-hung bowers,
And grassy nooks, 'neath beechen shade,
Where dance the never-resting Hours,
To music of the bright cascade;
Skies softly beautiful, and blue
As Italy's, with stars as bright;
Flowers rich as morning's sunrise hue,

And gorgeous as the gemmed midnight.
Land of the West! green forest-land!
Thus hath Creation's bounteous hand
Upon thine ample bosom flung
Charms such as were her gift when the gray world was young!

Land of the West! — where naught is old
Or fading, but tradition hoary, —
Thy yet unwritten annals hold
Of many a daring deed the story!
Man's might of arm hath here been tried,
And woman's glorious strength of soul, —
When war's fierce shout rang far and wide,
When vengeful foes at midnight stole
On slumbering innocence, and gave
Nor onset-shout nor warning word,
Nor nature's strong appealings heard
From woman's lips, to "spare and save
Her unsuspecting little one,
Her only child — her son! her son!"
Unheard the supplicating tone,
Which ends in now a shriek, and now a deep death-groan!

Land of the West! — green forest-land!
Thine early day for deeds is famed
Which in historic page shall stand
Till bravery is no longer named.
Thine early day! — it nursed a band
Of men who ne'er their lineage shamed:

The iron-nerved, the bravely good,
Who neither spared nor lavished blood, —
  Aye ready, morn, or night, or noon;
Fleet in the race, firm in the field,
Their sinewy arms their only shield, —
Courage to Death alone to yield;
  The men of Daniel Boone!
Their dwelling-place the "good green-wood";
  Their favorite haunts the long arcade,
The murmuring and majestic flood,
  The deep and solemn shade,
Where to them came the word of God,
When storm and darkness were abroad,
  Breathed in the thunder's voice aloud,
  And writ in lightning on the cloud.
And thus they lived: the dead leaves oft,
  Heaped by the playful winds, their bed;
Nor wished they couch more warm or soft,
  Nor pillow for the head
Other than fitting root or stone,
With the scant wood-moss overgrown.
Heroic band! But they have passed,
  As pass the stars at rise of sun,
Melting into the ocean vast
  Of Time, and sinking, one by one;
Yet lingering here and there a few,
As if to take a last, long view
Of the domain they won in strife
With foes who battled to the knife.
  Peace unto those that sleep beneath us!
All honor to the few that yet do linger with us!

Land of the West! — thine early prime
Fades in the flight of hurrying Time;
Thy noble forests fall, as sweep
Europa's myriads o'er the deep;
And thy broad plains, with welcome warm,
Receive the onward-pressing swarm:
On mountain-height, in lowly vale,
By quiet lake, or gliding river, —
Wherever sweeps the chainless gale,
Onward sweep they, and forever.
Oh, may they come with hearts that ne'er
Can bend a tyrant's chain to wear;
With souls that would indignant turn,
And proud oppression's minions spurn;
With nerves of steel, and words of flame,
To strike and sear the wretch who 'd bring our land to shame!

Land of the West! — beneath the Heaven
There 's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime.
From Alleghany's base, to where
Our Western Andes prop the sky, —
The home of Freedom's hearts is there, —
And o'er it Freedom's eagles fly.
And here, should e'er Columbia's land
Be rent with fierce intestine feud,
Shall Freedom's latest cohorts stand,
Till Freedom's eagles sink in blood,
And quenched are all the stars that now her banners stud!

William D. Gallagher.

TO AN INDIAN MOUND.

WHENCE, and why art thou here, mysterious mound?
Are questions which man asks, but asks in vain;
For o'er thy destinies a night profound,
All rayless and all echoless, doth reign.
A thousand years have passed like yesterday,
Since wintry snows first on thy bosom slept,
And much of mortal grandeur passed away,
Since thou hast here thy voiceless vigils kept.

While standing thus upon thy oak-crowned head,
The shadows of dim ages long since gone
Reel on my mind, like spectres of the dead,
While dirge-like music haunts the wind's low moan.
From out the bosom of the boundless Past
There rises up no voice of thee to tell:
Eternal silence, like a shadow vast,
Broods on thy breast, and shrouds thine annals well.

Didst thou not antedate the rise of Rome,
Egyptia's pyramids, and Grecian arts?
Did not the wild deer here for shelter come
Before the Tyrrhene sea had ships or marts?
Through shadows deep and dark the mind must pierce,
Which glances backward to that ancient time;
Nations before it fall in struggles fierce,
Where human glory fades in human crime.

Upon the world's wide stage full many a scene
Of grandeur and of gloom, of blood and blight,
Hath been enacted since thy forests green
Sighed in the breeze and smiled in morning's light.
Thou didst not hear the woe, nor heed the crime,
Which darkened earth through ages of distress;
Unknowing and unknown, thou stood'st sublime,
And calmly looked upon the wilderness.

The red man oft hath laid his aching head,
When weary of the chase, upon thy breast;
And as the slumberous hours fast o'er him fled,
Has dreamed of hunting-grounds in climes most blest.
Perhaps his thoughts ranged through the long past time,
Striving to solve the problem of thy birth,
Till wearied out with dreams, dim though sublime,
His fancy fluttered back to him and earth.

The eagle soaring through the upper air
Checks his proud flight, and glances on thy crest,
As though his destiny were pictured there
In the deep solitude that wraps thy breast.
Thy reign must soon be o'er, — the human tide
Is surging round thee like a restless sea;
And thou must yield thy empire and thy pride,
And, like thy builders, soon forgotten be.

Thomas H. Shreve.

A MIRAGE OF THE WEST.

ABOVE the sunken sun the clouds are fired
With a dark splendor: the enchanted hour
Works momentary miracles in the sky;
Weird shadows take from fancy what they lack
For semblance, and I see a boundless plain,
A mist of sun and sheaves in boundless air,
Gigantic shapes of reapers moving slow
In some new harvest: so I can but dream
Of my great Land, that takes its morning star
Out of the dusky evening of the east,
My Land, that lifted into vision gleams
Misty and vast, a boundless plain afar
(Like yonder fading fantasy of cloud),
With shadowy reapers moving, vague and slow,
In some wide harvest of the days to be, —
A mist of sun and sheaves in boundless air!

John James Piatt.

OHIO.

CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernong,
From warm Carolinian valleys,
Nor the Isabel
And the Muscadel
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,
And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees,
Forever going and coming;
So this crystal hive
Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine

Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer;
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but name it;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,

The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

INDIANA.

LAND of Rivers! Moving down
Slow through forest, farm, and town,
With his tributary streams,
Beautiful in glooms and gleams,
Flows the Wabash! Yonder, see,
Sinking fathoms under ground,
The Lost River, lost and found,
From its grave beneath the plain
Springing into life again.
Land of Rivers! Hail to thee!

Land of Forests! Wide thy vast
Centennial oaks their shadows cast,
In whose gnarled and hollow trunks
Hive the bees, like cloistered monks,
Singing their low litany.
Through the openings far and near
Stalks, as through a park, the deer,
And in autumn fiery red
Glows the foliage overhead.
Land of Forests! Hail to thee!

Land of Meadows! where the flowers
On their dials count the hours,

And the lowland landscape breaks
Into little sylvan lakes,
Garlanded with shrub and tree;
Where the maize for miles and miles
Lifts its green, cathedral aisles,
And the endless fields of wheat
Ripen in the harvest heat.
Land of Meadows! Hail to thee!

Land of Caverns! Who knows not
Thy wondrous Cave of Wyandot?
Leagues of chambers glimmering far,
With their fretted roofs of spar.
What, compared with this, are ye,
Grottos of the Illyrian land?
Nature on a scale more grand
Laid the timbers of these floors,
Arched these halls and corridors.
Land of Caverns! Hail to thee!

Anonymous.

ILLINOIS.

LINES WRITTEN IN ILLINOIS.

FAMILIAR to the childish mind were tales
Of rock-girt isles amid a desert sea,
Where unexpected stretch the flowery vales
To soothe the shipwrecked sailor's misery.
Fainting, he lay upon a sandy shore,
And fancied that all hope of life was o'er;
But let him patient climb the frowning wall,

Within, the orange glows beneath the palm-tree tall,
And all that Eden boasted waits his call.

Almost these tales seem realized to-day,
When the long dulness of the sultry way,
Where independent settlers' careless cheer
Made us indeed feel we were strangers here,
Is cheered by sudden sight of this fair spot,
On which improvement yet has made no blot,
But Nature all astonished stands, to find
Her plan protected by the human mind.

Blest be the kindly genius of the scene:
  The river, bending in unbroken grace;
The stately thickets, with their pathways green;
  Fair lonely trees, each in its fittest place.
Those thickets haunted by the deer and fawn;
Those cloudlike flights of birds across the lawn;
The gentlest breezes here delight to blow,
And sun and shower and star are emulous to deck the
    show.

Wondering, as Crusoe, we survey the land;
Happier than Crusoe we, a friendly band:
  Blest be the hand that reared this friendly home,
The heart and mind of him to whom we owe
Hours of pure peace such as few mortals know;
  May he find such, should he be led to roam, —
Be tended by such ministering sprites, —
Enjoy such gayly childish days, such hopeful nights.
And yet, amid the goods to mortals given,
To give those goods again is most like Heaven.

Margaret Fuller D' Ossoli.

FIRES IN ILLINOIS.

HOW bright this weird autumnal eve —
While the wild twilight clings around,
Clothing the grasses everywhere,
With scarce a dream of sound!

The high horizon's northern line,
With many a silent-leaping spire,
Seems a dark shore, — a sea of flame, —
Quick, crawling waves of fire!

I stand in dusky solitude,
October breathing low and chill,
And watch the far-off blaze that leaps
At the wind's wayward will.

These boundless fields, behold, once more,
Sea-like in vanished summers stir;
From vanished autumns comes the Fire, —
A lone, bright harvester!

I see wide terror lit before, —
Wild steeds, fierce herds of bison here,
And, blown before the flying flame,
The flying-footed deer!

Long trains (with shaken bells, that moved
Along red twilights sinking slow)
Whose wheels grew weary on their way,
Far westward, long ago;

Lone wagons bivouacked in the blaze,
That, long ago, streamed wildly past;
Faces from that bright solitude
In the hot gleam aghast!

A glare of faces like a dream,
No history after or before,
Inside the horizon with the flames,
The flames, — nobody more!

That vision vanishes in me,
Sudden and swift and fierce and bright;
Another gentler vision fills
The solitude, to-night:

The horizon lightens everywhere,
The sunshine rocks on windy maize;
Hark, everywhere are busy men,
And children at their plays!

Far church-spires twinkle at the sun,
From villages of quiet born,
And, far and near, and everywhere,
Homes stand amid the corn.

No longer driven by wind, the Fire
Makes all the vast horizon glow,
But, numberless as the stars above,
The windows shine below!

John James Piatt.

ELSIE IN ILLINOIS.

"HOME is home, no matter where!"
Sang a happy, youthful pair,
Journeying westward, years ago, —
As they left the April snow
White on Massachusetts' shore;
Left the sea's incessant roar;
Left the Adirondacks, piled
Like the playthings of a child,
On the horizon's eastern bound;
And, the unbroken forests found,
Heard Niagara's sullen call,
Hurrying to his headlong fall,
Like a Titan in distress,
Tearing through the wilderness,
Rending earth apart, in hate
Of the unpitying hounds of fate.

Over Erie's green expanse
Inland wildfowl weave their dance:
Lakes on lakes, a crystal chain,
Give the clear heaven back again; —
Wampum strung by Manitou,
Lightly as the beaded dew.

Is it wave, or is it shore? —
Greener gleams the prairie-floor,
West and south, one emerald;
Earth untenanted, unwalled.

There, a thread of silent joy,
Winds the grass-hid Illinois.

Bringing comfort unawares
Out of little daily cares,
Here has Elsie lived a year,
Learning well that home is dear,
By the green breadth measureless
Of the outside wilderness,
So unshadowed, so immense!
Garden without path or fence,
Rolling up its billowy bloom
To her low, one-windowed room.

Breath of prairie-flowers is sweet;
But the baby at her feet
Is the sweetest bud to her,
Keeping such a pleasant stir,
On the cabin hearth at play,
While his father turns the hay,
Loads the grain, or binds the stack,
Until sunset brings him back.

Elsie's thoughts awake must keep,
While the baby lies asleep.
Far Niagara haunts her ears;
Mississippi's rush she hears;
Ancient nurses twain, that croon
For her babe their mighty tune,
Lapped upon the prairies wild:
He will be a wondrous child!

Ah! but Elsie's thoughts will stray
Where, a child, she used to play
In the shadow of the pines:
Moss and scarlet-berried vines
Carpeted the granite ledge,
Sloping to the brooklet's edge,
Sweet with violets, blue and white;
While the dandelions, bright
As if Night had spilt her stars,
Shone beneath the meadow-bars.

Could she hold her babe, to look
In that merry, babbling brook, —
See it picturing his eye
As the violet's blue and shy, —
See his dimpled fingers creep
Where the sweet-breathed Mayflowers peep
With pale pink anemones,
Out among the budding trees! —
On his soft cheek falls a tear
For the hillside home so dear.

At her household work she dreams;
And the endless prairie seems
Like a broad, unmeaning face
Read through in a moment's space,
Where the smile so fixed is grown,
Better you would like a frown.

Elsie sighs, "We learn too late,
Little things are more than great.
Hearts like ours must daily be

Fed with some kind mystery,
Hidden in a rocky nook,
Whispered from a wayside brook,
Flashed on unexpecting eyes,
In a wingèd, swift surprise:
Small the pleasure is to trace
Boundlessness of commonplace."

But the south-wind, stealing in,
Her to happier moods will win.
In and out the little gate
Creep wild roses delicate:
Fragrant grasses hint a tale
Of the blossomed intervale
Left behind, among the hills.
Every flower-cup mystery fills;
Every idle breeze goes by,
Burdened with life's blissful sigh.

Elsie hums a thoughtful air;
Spreads the table, sets a chair
Where her husband first shall see
Baby laughing on her knee;
While she watches him afar,
Coming with the evening star
Through the prairie, through the sky,
Each as from eternity.

Lucy Larcom.

MICHIGAN.

GEEHALE: AN INDIAN LAMENT.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird and each beast, it is blessed in degree:
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten shore:
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke,
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;
And will take a new Manito, — such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

Oh, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain;
Red — red shall alone on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows;
His blood can, alone, give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was black:
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas:
My wife and my children, — oh, spare me the tale! —
For who is there left that is kin to Geehale?

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.

KENTUCKY.

OVER IN KENTUCKY.

"THIS is the smokiest city in the world,"
A slight voice, wise and weary, said, "I know.
My sash is tied, and, if my hair was curled,
I 'd like to have my prettiest hat and go
There where some violets had to stay, you said,
Before your torn-up butterflies were dead —
Over in Kentucky."

Then one whose half-sad face still wore the hue
The North Star loved to light and linger on,
Before the war, looked slowly at me too,
And darkly whispered: "What is gone is gone.
Yet, though it may be better to be free,
I 'd rather have things as they used to be
Over in Kentucky."

Perhaps I thought how fierce the master's hold,
Spite of all armies, kept the slave within;
How iron chains, when broken, turned to gold,
In empty cabins, where glad songs had been
Before the Southern sword knew blood and rust,
Before wild cavalry sprang from the dust,
Over in Kentucky.

Perhaps — But, since two eyes, half full of tears,
Half full of sleep, would love to keep awake

With fairy pictures from my fairy years,
I have a phantom pencil that can make
Shadows of moons, far back and faint, to rise
On dewier grass and in diviner skies,
Over in Kentucky.

For yonder river, wider than the sea,
Seems sometimes in the dusk a visible moan
Between two worlds, — one fair, one dear to me.
The fair has forms of ever-glimmering stone,
Weird-whispering ruin, graves where legends hide,
And lies in mist upon the charmèd side,
Over in Kentucky.

The dear has restless, dimpled, pretty hands,
Yearning toward unshaped steel, unfancied wars,
Unbuilded cities, and unbroken lands,
With something sweeter than the faded stars
And dim, dead dews of my lost romance, found
In beauty that has vanished from the ground
Over in Kentucky.

Sarah Morgan Bryan Piatt.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home;
'T is summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn top 's ripe and the meadow 's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;

By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door, —
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day!
We 'll sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come, when the darkeys have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar-cane grow;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

Stephen C. Foster.

TENNESSEE.

"MY NATIVE LAND, MY TENNESSEE!"

[*Written for Mrs. W. Barrow.*]

THE sunset flings upon the sea
  Its golden gush of life and light;
The waves with pleasant melody
  On the white sands are sparkling bright;
Old Ocean, round his many isles,
Like a fair infant sleeping, smiles:
  So would I sleep, and dream of thee,
  My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Tall mountains with their snowy cones,
  Far inland, bathed in sunshine, blaze;
Like gray-haired giants on their thrones,
  Crowned with the young dawn's golden rays.
Toward them I lean, and fain would lie
At the feet of those that pierce thy sky,
  Thou dearest land on earth to me,
  My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Landward and swift the sea-bird flies,
  Dipping his strong and nervous wings
In the blue wave, as home he hies,
  A truant, from his wanderings.
He goes to seek his gentle mate,
His young, with longing eyes that wait:
  So would I fain haste home to thee,
  My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Existence! 't is but toil and strife,—
  Yet I 'll not murmur or repine,
So that the sunset of my life,
  Sweet day, be clear and calm as thine;
So that I take my last, long rest,
Dear native land, in thy loved breast:
  Land of the gallant and the free!
  My native, native land, my Tennessee!

Albert Pike.

KANSAS.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

WE cross the prairie as of old
  The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
  The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
  On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
  The rugged Northern pine!

We 're flowing from our native hills
  As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
  Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
  On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
  The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We 'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ARKANSAS.

SUNSET IN ARKANSAS.

SUNSET again! Behind the massy green
Of the continuous oaks the sun hath fallen,
And his last rays have struggled through, between
The leaf-robed branches, as hopes intervene
Amid grave cares. The western sky is wallen
With shadowy mountains, built upon the marge
Of the horizon, from eve's purple sheen,
And thin, gray clouds, that insolently lean
Their silver cones upon the crimson verge
Of the high zenith, while their unseen base
Is rocked by lightning. It will show its eye
When dusky Night comes. Eastward, you can trace

No stain, no spot of cloud upon a sky,
Pure as an angel's brow.
The winds have folded up their swift wings now,
And, all asleep, high up in their cloud-cradles lie.

Beneath the trees, the dusky, purple glooms
Are growing deeper, more material,
In windless solitude. The young flower-blooms
Richly exhale their thin, invisible plumes
Of odor, which they yield not at the call
Of the hot sun. The birds all sleep within
Unshaken nests; save the gray owl, that booms
His plaintive cry, like one that mourns strange dooms;
And the sad whippoorwill, with lonely din.
There is a deep, calm beauty all around,
A heavy, massive, melancholy look,
A unison of lonely sight and sound,
Which touch us, till the soul can hardly brook
Its own sad feelings here.
They do not wring from the full heart a tear,
But give us heavy thoughts, like reading a sad book.

* * *

Albert Pike.

MINNESOTA.

THE MINNESOTA WATER-SHED.

BEHOLD the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee, —
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CALIFORNIA.

I STAND beside the mobile sea;
And sails are spread, and sails are furled
From farthest corners of the world,
And fold like white wings wearily.
Steamships go up, and some go down
In haste, like traders in a town,
And seem to see and beckon all.
Afar at sea some white shapes flee,
With arms stretched like a ghost's to me,

And cloud-like sails far blown and curled,
Then glide down to the under-world.
As if blown bare in winter blasts
Of leaf and limb, tall naked masts
Are rising from the restless sea,
So still and desolate and tall,
I seem to see them gleam and shine
With clinging drops of dripping brine.
Broad still brown wings flit here and there,
Thin sea-blue wings wheel everywhere,
And white wings whistle through the air:
I hear a thousand sea-gulls call.

Behold the ocean on the beach
Kneel lowly down as if in prayer.
I hear a moan as of despair,
While far at sea do toss and reach
Some things so like white pleading hands.
The ocean's thin and hoary hair
Is trailed along the silvered sands,
At every sigh and sounding moan.
'T is not a place for mirthfulness,
But meditation deep, and prayer,
And kneelings on the salted sod,
Where man must own his littleness
And know the mightiness of God.
The very birds shriek in distress
And sound the ocean's monotone.

Dared I but say a prophecy,
As sang the holy men of old,

Of rock-built cities yet to be
Along these shining shores of gold,
Crowding athirst into the sea,
What wondrous marvels might be told!
Enough, to know that empire here
Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star;
Here art and eloquence shall reign,
As o'er the wolf-reared realm of old;
Here learned and famous from afar,
To pay their noble court, shall come,
And shall not seek or see in vain,
But look on all with wonder dumb.

Afar the bright Sierras lie
A swaying line of snowy white,
A fringe of heaven hung in sight
Against the blue base of the sky.

I look along each gaping gorge,
I hear a thousand sounding strokes
Like giants rending giant oaks,
Or brawny Vulcan at his forge;
I see pickaxes flash and shine
And great wheels whirling in a mine.
Here winds a thick and yellow thread,
A mossed and silver stream instead;
And trout that leaped its rippled tide
Have turned upon their sides and died.

Lo! when the last pick in the mine
Is rusting red with idleness,

And rot yon cabins in the mould,
And wheels no more croak in distress,
And tall pines reassert command,
Sweet bards along this sunset shore
Their mellow melodies will pour;
Will charm as charmers very wise,
Will strike the harp with master hand,
Will sound unto the vaulted skies
The valor of these men of old, —
The mighty men of 'Forty-nine;
Will sweetly sing and proudly say,
Long, long agone there was a day
When there were giants in the land.

Joaquin Miller.

CALIFORNIA.

LAND of gold! — thy sisters greet thee,
O'er the mountain and the main;
See, — they stretch the hand to meet thee,
Youngest of our household train.

Many a form their love hath fostered
Lingers 'neath thy sunny sky,
And their spirit-tokens brighten
Every link of sympathy.

We mid storms of war were cradled
Mid the shock of angry foes;
Thou, with sudden, dreamlike splendor,
Pallas-born, — in vigor rose.

Children of one common country,
  Strong in friendship let us stand,
With united ardor earning
  Glory for our Mother Land.

They of gold and they of iron,
  They who reap the bearded wheat,
They who rear the snowy cotton,
  Pour their treasures at her feet;

While with smiling exultation,
  She, who marks their filial part,
Like the mother of the Gracchi,
  Folds her jewels to her heart.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE CAÑON.

I STAND upon a stony rim,
  Stone-paved and patterned as a street;
A rock-lipped cañon plunging south,
As if it were earth's opened mouth,
Yawns deep and darkling at my feet;
So deep, so distant, and so dim
Its waters wind, a yellow thread,
And call so faintly and so far,
I turn aside my swooning head.
I feel a fierce impulse to leap
Adown the beetling precipice,
Like some lone, lost, uncertain star;

To plunge into a place unknown,
And win a world all, all my own;
Or if I might not meet that bliss,
At least escape the curse of this.

I gaze again. A gleaming star
Shines back as from some mossy well
Reflected from blue fields afar.
Brown hawks are wheeling here and there,
And up and down the broken wall
Cling clumps of dark green chaparral,
While from the rent rocks, gray and bare,
Blue junipers hang in the air.

Here, cedars sweep the stream, and here,
Among the boulders mossed and brown
That time and storms have toppled down
From towers undefiled by man,
Low cabins nestle as in fear,
And look no taller than a span.
From low and shapeless chimneys rise
Some tall straight columns of blue smoke,
And weld them to the bluer skies;
While sounding down the sombre gorge
I hear the steady pickaxe stroke,
As if upon a flashing forge.

Another scene, another sound! —
Sharp shots are fretting through the air,
Red knives are flashing everywhere,
And here and there the yellow flood

Is purpled with warm smoking blood.
The brown hawk swoops low to the ground,
And nimble chipmonks, small and still,
Dart stripéd lines across the sill
That lordly feet shall press no more.
The flume lies warping in the sun,
The pan sits empty by the door,
The pickaxe on its bed-rock floor
Lies rusting in the silent mine.
There comes no single sound nor sign
Of life, beside yon monks in brown
That dart their dim shapes up and down
The rocks that swelter in the sun;
But dashing round yon rocky spur
Where scarce a hawk would dare to whir,
Fly horsemen reckless in their flight.
One wears a flowing black capote,
While down the cape doth flow and float
Long locks of hair as dark as night,
And hands are red that erst were white.

All up and down the land to-day
Black desolation and despair
It seems have sat and settled there,
With none to frighten them away.
Like sentries watching by the way
Black chimneys topple in the air,
And seem to say, Go back, beware!
While up around the mountain's rim
Are clouds of smoke, so still and grim
They look as they are fastened there.

A lonely stillness, so like death,
So touches, terrifies all things,
That even rooks that fly o'erhead
Are hushed, and seem to hold their breath,
To fly with muffled wings,
And heavy as if made of lead.
Some skulls that crumble to the touch,
Some joints of thin and chalk-like bone,
A tall black chimney, all alone,
That leans as if upon a crutch,
Alone are left to mark or tell,
Instead of cross or cryptic stone,
Where fair maids loved or brave men fell.

Joaquin Miller.

CALIFORNIA'S GREETING TO SEWARD.

1869.

WE know him well: no need of praise
Or bonfire from the windy hill
To light to softer paths and ways
The world-worn man we honor still;

No need to quote those truths he spoke
That burned through years of war and shame,
While History carves with surer stroke
Across our map his noonday fame;

No need to bid him show the scars
Of blows dealt by the Scæan gate,

Who lived to pass its shattered bars,
And see the foe capitulate;

Who lived to turn his slower feet
Toward the western setting sun,
To see his harvest all complete,
His dream fulfilled, his duty done, —

The one flag streaming from the pole,
The one faith borne from sea to sea, —
For such a triumph, and such goal,
Poor must our human greeting be.

Ah! rather that the conscious land
In simpler ways salute the Man, —
The tall pines bowing where they stand,
The bared head of El Capitan,

The tumult of the waterfalls,
Pohono's kerchief in the breeze,
The waving from the rocky walls,
The stir and rustle of the trees;

Till lapped in sunset skies of hope,
In sunset lands by sunset seas,
The Young World's Premier treads the slope
Of sunset years in calm and peace.

Bret Harte.

ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

O FAIR young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which our world can boast, —
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast, —

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose;
Or pourest the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines:

The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,—
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil;

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee!

Bayard Taylor.

ARIZONA.

THE PLAINS OF ARIZONA.

THOU white and dried-up sea! so old!
So strewn with wealth, so sown with gold!
Yes, thou art old and hoary white
With time, and ruin of all things;

And on thy lonesome borders night
Sits brooding o'er with drooping wings.

The winds that tossed thy waves, and blew
Across thy breast the flowing sail,
And cheered the hearts of cheering crew
From further seas, no more prevail.

Thy white-walled cities all lie prone,
With but a pyramid, a stone,
Set head and foot in sands to tell
The tired stranger where they fell.

The patient ox that bended low
His neck, and drew slow up and down
Thy thousand freights through rock-built town,
Is now the free-born buffalo.

No longer of the timid fold,
The mountain sheep leaps free and bold
His high-built summit, and looks down
From battlements of buried town.

Thine ancient steeds know not the rein,
They lord the land, they come, they go
At will; they laugh at man, they blow
A cloud of black steeds on the plain.

Thy monuments lie buried now,
The ashes whiten on thy brow,
The winds, the waves have drawn away,
The very wild man dreads to stay.

Oh! thou art very old. I lay,
Made dumb with awe and wonderment,
Beneath a palm within my tent,
With idle and discouraged hands,
Not many days agone, on sands
Of awful, silent Africa.

Long gazing on her mighty shades,
I did recall a semblance there
Of thee. I mused where story fades
From her dark brow and found her fair.

And yet my dried-up desert sea
Was populous with blowing sail.
And set with city, white-walled town,
All manned with armies bright with mail,
Ere yet that awful Sphinx sat down
To gaze into eternity,
Or Egypt knew her natal hour,
Or Africa had name or power.

Joaquin Miller.

ALASKA.

ANGEL of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds and ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Thomas Campbell.

AN ARCTIC VISION.

WHERE the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware;
Where by day they track the ermine,
And by night another vermin, —
Segment of the frigid zone,
Where the temperature alone
Warms on St. Elias' cone;
Polar dock, where Nature slips
From the ways her icy ships;
Land of fox and deer and sable,
Shore end of our western cable, —
Let the news that flying goes
Thrill through all your Arctic floes,
And reverberate the boast
From the cliffs of Beechey's coast,
Till the tidings, circling round
Every bay of Norton Sound,
Throw the vocal tide-wave back
To the isles of Kodiac.

Let the stately polar bears
Waltz around the pole in pairs,
And the walrus, in his glee,
Bare his tusk of ivory;
While the bold sea unicorn
Calmly takes an extra horn;
All ye polar skies, reveal your
Very rarest of parhelia;
Trip it, all ye merry dancers,
In the airiest of lancers;
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,
One inch farther to the tide,
Nor in rash precipitation
Upset Tyndall's calculation.
Know you not what fate awaits you,
Or to whom the future mates you?
All ye icebergs make salaam, —
You belong to Uncle Sam!

On the spot where Eugene Sue
Led his wretched Wandering Jew,
Stands a form whose features strike
Russ and Esquimaux alike.
He it is whom Skalds of old
In their Runic rhymes foretold;
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,
See the real Northern Thor!
See the awful Yankee leering
Just across the Straits of Behring;
On the drifted snow, too plain,
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain

Just beside the deep inden-
Tation of his Number Ten.

Leaning on his icy hammer
Stands the hero of this drama,
And above the wild-duck's clamor,
In his own peculiar grammar,
With its linguistic disguises,
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises:
"Wall, I reckon 't ain't so bad,
Seein' ez 't was all they had;
True, the Springs are rather late
And early Falls predominate;
But the ice crop 's pretty sure,
And the air is kind o' pure;
'T ain't so very mean a trade,
When the land is all surveyed.
There 's a right smart chance for fur-chase
All along this recent purchase,
And, unless the stories fail,
Every fish from cod to whale;
Rocks, too; mebbe quartz; let 's see, —
'T would be strange if there should be, —
Seems I 've heerd such stories told;
Eh! — why, bless us, — yes, it 's gold!"

While the blows are falling thick
From his California pick,
You may recognize the Thor
Of the vision that I saw, —
Freed from legendary glamour,
See the real magician's hammer.

Bret Harte.

WESTERN STATES.

Arkansas, the River.

NIGHT ON THE ARKANSAS.

NIGHT comes upon the Arkansas, with long stride.
Its dark and turbid waters roll along,
Bearing wrecked trees and drift, deep, red, and wide;
The heavy forest sleeps on either side,
To the water's edge low-stooping; and among
The patient stars the moon her lamp has hung,
Fed with the spirit of the buried sun.
No blue waves dance the stream's dark mass upon,
Glittering like Beauty's sparkling, starry tears;
No crest of foam, crowning the river dun,
Its misty ridge of frozen light uprears;
One sole relief in the great void appears:
A dark blue ridge, set sharp against the sky,
Beyond the forest's utmost boundary.

* * *

Albert Pike.

A PICTURE.

SATURDAY night: the sun is going down;
The purple light glows on the river's breast,
Far in the east the dull clouds watch and frown,
Jealous of all the glory in the west;

The listless trees lean out along the shore
To watch their shadows lengthen down the tide;
And, far above us, slowly floating o'er,
The weary birds on homeward pinions glide.

The steamer, on the sand-bar fast asleep,
Tired with the week's long labor, heavily lies;
Longer and longer still the shadows creep,
And evening mists from out the distance rise.

All things in peace and patience seem to wait,
As if in faith that, when the morning came,
The sun would once more light his golden gate
With all the glory of his entering flame.

William Osborn Stoddard.

THE RIVER'S LESSON.

UNDER the canopied bank we lie,
And the muddy river is rushing by,
Yellow and foul from its eddying stray
Through a thousand miles of wandering way,
Gross and turbid; — and yet, I know

That this same troubled and mingled flow
Shall one day clear as the crystal be,
After it dies in the deep, far sea.

I have watched it long, with an aching brow,
Bending above it, and wonder now
If the river, so full of grime and strife,
May not be an emblem of human life,
And if many a soul that has wandered and toiled,
All corrupted and gross and soiled,
At the end may not calmly glide
Into that last great swallowing tide,
And clear and pure as the crystal be,
After it dies in that deep, far sea.

William Osborn Stoddard.

Big Horn, the River, Montana Ter.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

IN that desolate land and lone
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs,
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face;
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"

And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river-side
The Indian village stood;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair,
And his three hundred men,
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them, like the breath
And smoke of a furnace of fire;
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air,
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart that beat no more
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CUSTER.

WHAT! shall that sudden blade
Leap out no more?
No more thy hand be laid
Upon the sword-hilt, smiting sore?
O for another such
The charger's rein to clutch, —
One equal voice to summon victory,
Sounding thy battle-cry,
Brave darling of the soldiers' choice!
Would there were one more voice!

O gallant charge, too bold!
O fierce, imperious greed
To pierce the clouds that in their darkness hold

Slaughter of man and steed!
Now, stark and cold,
Among thy fallen braves thou liest,
And even with thy blood defiest
The wolfish foe:
But ah, thou liest low,
And all our birthday song is hushed indeed!

Young lion of the plain,
Thou of the tawny mane!
Hotly the soldiers' hearts shall beat,
Their mouths thy death repeat,
Their vengeance seek the trail again
Where thy red doomsmen be;
But on the charge no more shall stream
Thy hair, — no more thy sabre gleam, —
No more ring out thy battle-shout,
Thy cry of victory!

Not when a hero falls
The sound a world appalls:
For while we plant his cross
There is a glory, even in the loss:
But when some craven heart
From honor dares to part,
Then, then, the groan, the blanching cheek,
And men in whispers speak,
Nor kith nor country dare reclaim
From the black depths his name.

Thou, wild young warrior, rest,
By all the prairie winds caressed!

Swift was thy dying pang;
Even as the war-cry rang
Thy deathless spirit mounted high
And sought Columbia's sky: —
There, to the northward far,
Shines a new star,
And from it blazes down
The light of thy renown!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Blue Lick Springs, Ky.

THE SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY.

THERE 's a mossy, shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter,
'Neath a coverlid of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets,
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves like banners
Of an elfin-host that 's fled,

Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreamy lengths forever
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her, too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave;
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part,
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

Henry Lynden Flash.

Calaveras, Cal.

ON A CONE OF THE BIG TREES.

BROWN foundling of the Western wood,
Babe of primeval wildernesses!
Long on my table thou hast stood
Encounters strange and rude caresses;
Perchance contented with thy lot,
Surroundings new and curious faces,
As though ten centuries were not
Imprisoned in thy shining cases!

Thou bring'st me back the halcyon days
Of grateful rest; the week of leisure,
The journey lapped in autumn haze,
The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure,
The morning ride, the noonday halt,
The blazing slopes, the red dust rising,
And then — the dim, brown, columned vault,
With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing.

Once more I see the rocking masts
That scrape the sky, their only tenant
The jay-bird that in frolic casts
From some high yard his broad blue pennant.
I see the Indian files that keep
Their places in the dusty heather,
Their red trunks standing ankle deep
In moccasins of rusty leather.

I see all this, and marvel much
That thou, sweet woodland waif, art able

To keep the company of such
As throng thy friend's — the poet's — table:
The latest spawn the press hath cast, —
The "modern Pope's," "the later Byron's," —
Why e'en the best may not outlast
Thy poor relation, — *Sempervirens.*

Thy sire saw the light that shone
On Mohammed's uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne
And deed forgotten in the present;
He saw the age of sacred trees
And Druid groves and mystic larches;
And saw from forest domes like these
The builder bring his Gothic arches.

And must thou, foundling, still forego
Thy heritage and high ambition,
To lie full lowly and full low,
Adjusted to thy new condition?
Not hidden in the drifted snows,
But under ink-drops idly spattered,
And leaves ephemeral as those
That on thy woodland tomb were scattered.

Yet lie thou there, O friend! and speak
The moral of thy simple story:
Though life is all that thou dost seek,
And age alone thy crown of glory, —
Not thine the only germs that fail
The purpose of their high creation,
If their poor tenements avail
For worldly show and ostentation.

Bret Harte.

Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill

With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! — from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CHICAGO.

BLACKENED and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul,
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal,
The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal.

Bret Harte.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9, 1871.

GAUNT in the midst of the prairie,
She who was once so fair;
Charred and rent are her garments,
Heavy and dark like cerements;
Silent, but round her the air
Plaintively wails, "Miserere!"

Proud like a beautiful maiden,
Art-like from forehead to feet,
Was she till pressed like a leman
Close to the breast of the demon,
Lusting for one so sweet,
So were her shoulders laden.

Friends she had, rich in her treasures:
Shall the old taunt be true,—

Fallen, they turn their cold faces,
Seeking new wealth-gilded places,
Saying we never knew
Aught of her smiles or her pleasures?

Silent she stands on the prairie,
Wrapped in her fire-scathed sheet:
Around her, thank God! is the Nation,
Weeping for her desolation,
Pouring its gold at her feet,
Answering her "Miserere!"

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO CINCINNATI.

CITY of gardens, verdant parks, sweet bowers;
Blooming upon thy bosom, bright and fair,
Wet with the dews of spring, and summer's showers,
And fanned by every breath of wandering air;
Rustling the foliage of thy green groves, where
The bluebird's matin wakes the smiling morn,
And sparkling humming-birds of plumage rare,
With tuneful pinions on the zephyrs borne,
Disport the flowers among, and glitter and adorn:

Fair is thy seat, in soft recumbent rest
Beneath the grove-clad hills; whence morning wings
The gentle breezes of the fragrant west,

That kiss the surface of a thousand springs:
Nature, her many-colored mantle flings
Around thee, and adorns thee as a bride;
While polished Art his gorgeous tribute brings,
And dome and spire ascending far and wide,
Their pointed shadows dip in thy Ohio's tide.

So fair in infancy, — oh, what shall be
Thy blooming prime, expanding like the rose
In fragrant beauty; when a century
Hath passed upon thy birth, and time bestows
The largess of a world, that freely throws
Her various tribute from remotest shores,
To enrich the Western Rome: here shall repose
Science and art; and from time's subtile ores —
Nature's unfolded page — knowledge enrich her stores.

Talent and Genius to thy feet shall bring
Their brilliant offerings of immortal birth;
Display the secrets of Pieria's spring,
Castalia's fount of melody and mirth:
Beauty, and grace, and chivalry, and worth,
Wait on the Queen of Arts, in her own bowers,
Perfumed with all the fragrance of the earth,
From blooming shrubbery, and radiant flowers;
And hope with rapture wed life's calm and peaceful hours.

Oft as the spring wakes on the verdant year,
And nature glows in fervid beauty dressed,
The loves and graces shall commingle here,
To charm the queenly City of the West;

Her stately youth, with noble warmth impressed,
Her graceful daughters, smiling as the May, —
Apollos these, and Hebes those confessed, —
Bloom in her warm and fertilizing ray,
While round their happy sires the cherub infants play.

So sings the Muse, as she, with fancy's eye,
Scans, from imagination's lofty height,
Thy radiant beaming day, — where it doth lie
In the deep future; glowing on the night
From whose dark womb empires unveiled to light:
Mantled and diademed, and sceptred there,
Thou waitest but the advent of thy flight,
When, like a royal Queen, stately and fair,
The City of the West ascends the regal chair.

Edward A. M'Laughlin.

THE OLD MOUND.

LONELY and sad it stands:
The trace of ruthless hands
Is on its sides and summit, and around
The dwellings of the white man pile the ground;
And curling in the air,
The smoke of thrice a thousand hearths is there:
Without, all speaks of life, — within,
Deaf to the city's echoing din,
Sleep well the tenants of that silent mound,
Their names forgot, their memories unrenowned.

Upon its top I tread,
And see around me spread

Temples and mansions, and the hoary hills,
Bleak with the labor that the coffer fills,
But mars their bloom the while,
And steals from nature's face its joyous smile:
And here and there, below,
The stream's meandering flow
Breaks on the view; and westward in the sky
The gorgeous clouds in crimson masses lie.

The hammer's clang rings out,
Where late the Indian's shout
Startled the wildfowl from its sedgy nest,
And broke the wild deer's and the panther's rest.
The lordly oaks went down
Before the axe, — the canebrake is a town:
The bark canoe no more
Glides noiseless from the shore;
And, sole memorial of a nation's doom,
Amid the works of art rises this lonely tomb.

It too must pass away:
Barbaric hands will lay
Its holy ruins level with the plain,
And rear upon its site some goodly fane.
It seemeth to upbraid
The white man for the ruin he has made.
And soon the spade and mattock must
Invade the sleepers' buried dust,
And bare their bones to sacrilegious eyes,
And send them forth, some joke-collector's prize.

Charles A. Jones.

Columbia, the River, Wash. Ter.

THE RIVER COLUMBIA.

OREGON midnight with a round moon. Mellow
On savage steeps sublime a stillness argent
Along the lone Columbia; every billow
Where the moon's slumber breathes a smoothèd pillow;
As calm the caves in rock-columnar shadows,
Blacker for fir and hemlock. Islands, meadows,
Wave in the low winds, all the alluvial margent
Fragrant with fringe of cottonwood and willow.
A lovelier witchery than hers of Endor,
Than Samuel's form a phantom more tremendous;
For, vague in shroud-like mantle, misty white,
Looms hoar Saint Helen's with a ghostly splendor:
The apparition of some mount stupendous
Belonging to a world pre-Adamite!

Look; use that one sense only; naught to listen
Hast thou in the sweet calm. Superbly flowing
By piny banks basaltiform, romantic,
Lo! the smoke-purple river amethystine;
While the sun rises a discoloring mist in
With lustre like a full-blown rose gigantic.
High up in whiter light three snow-peaks glisten.
A reflex, like a levelled obelisk,
Lies pointing to the sun's purpureal disk;
Like rubies lucid through the thin wave glowing
Along: 't is magical: her treasures shine,
At flow of morning's oriental fountains,

Revealed by some Enchantress of the Mine
To Genii of the Stream and of the Mountains!

Rolled up the huge gorge long a billowy roar
Has shaken the mountain firs with storms of sound;
But now the Cascades, as the bluff ye round,
Burst forth like a magnificent meteor,
Grand the white turbulence, the foamy smother,
And beautiful the blue-green stream behind,
Made less crystálline by nor wave nor wind,
As if — the one contiguous to the other —
The calm slept dead and the storm surged on ocean.
Careers, like scud before a hurricane,
The vast foam, — the great mountains whirl, — your brain
Reels with the rushing parallactic motion.
Look up, where flows the river gentliest,
There is a charm of peace — lo! all again is rest!

Proud Bird, with no compeer and no companion,
From where snow-summits highest are and hoarest
To where the slow swell lifts the ocean-kelp,
The river rolled in cataract through the cañon
Or seaward floating wrecks of vast fir forest,
High o'er the raven's croak, the sea-gull's yelp,
Bald Eagle of the Oregon, thou soarest!
And thou that here thy tides and billows pourest,
Calm and as strong as Heaven, sublime Pacific,
Here where the freighted inland waters launch —
Where'er the bird screams or the salt air pipes,
Ocean and Eagle, ye are Freedom's types;
When all her broad domain is beatific,
And her uncrimsoned conquering bears the olive branch!

William Gibson.

Côteau des Prairies, Dakota Ter.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;

Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"
Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.
And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!
Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise: —
"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you.
"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wildfowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?
"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,

Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Dow's Flat, Cal.

DOW'S FLAT.

DOW'S FLAT. That 's its name.
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true, —
For thar is n't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,
Which the same was an ass, —

And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass, —
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down
here in the grass:

You see this 'yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he 'd a straddled thet fence-rail the derned thing
'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
Till he could n't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunnelled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and
five kids from the States.

It was rough, — mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman, — well, she did washing, and took
on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop
to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys would n't stay;
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridikilous way.

One day, — it was June, —
And a year ago, jest, —
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir!) you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all, — as I 've heer'd the folks say.

And — That 's a peart hoss
Thet you 've got, — ain't it now?
What might be her cost?

Eh? Oh! — Well, then, Dow —
Let 's see, — well, that forty-foot grave was n't his, sir,
That day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck — "Water?" —
Beg your parding, young man, there you lied!

It was gold, — in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow 's his'n, — which the
same is n't bad for a Pike.

Thet 's why it 's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrairiness:
For 't was water the derned cuss was seekin', and his
luck made him certain to miss.

Thet 's so. Thar 's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But — a — look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you 're passin'; and
ask after Dow, — and thet 's me.

Bret Harte.

Erie, the Lake.

LAKE ERIE.

THESE lovely shores! how lone and still
A hundred years ago,
The unbroken forest stood above,
The waters dashed below, —
The waters of a lonely sea,
Where never sail was furled,
Embosomed in a wilderness,
Which was itself a world.

A hundred years! go back; and lo!
Where, closing in the view,
Juts out the shore, with rapid oar
Darts round a frail canoe.
'T is a white voyager, and see,
His prow is westward set
O'er the calm wave; hail to thy bold,
World-seeking bark, Marquette!

The lonely bird, that picks his food
Where rise the waves, and sink,
At their strange coming, with shrill scream,
Starts from the sandy brink;
The fishhawk, hanging in mid sky,
Floats o'er on level wing,
And the savage from his covert looks,
With arrow on the string.

A hundred years are past and gone,
And all the rocky coast
Is turreted with shining towns,
An empire's noble boast.
And the old wilderness is changed
To cultured vale and hill;
And the circuit of its mountains
An empire's numbers fill.

Ephraim Peabody.

Huron, the River, Mich.

TO A SWAN FLYING AT MIDNIGHT.

OH, what a still, bright night! It is the sleep
Of beauteous Nature in her bridal hall.
See, while the groves shadow the shining lake,
How the full moon does bathe their melting green! —
I hear the dew-drop twang upon the pool.
Hark, hark, what music! from the rampart hills,
How like a far-off bugle, sweet and clear,
It searches through the listening wilderness! —
A Swan, — I know it by the trumpet-tone:
Winging her pathless way in the cool heavens,
Piping her midnight melody, she comes.
Beautiful bird! upon the dusk, still world
Thou fallest like an angel, — like a lone
Sweet angel from some sphere of harmony.
Where art thou, where? — no speck upon the blue
My vision marks from whence thy music ranges.

And why this hour — this voiceless hour — is thine,
And thine alone, I cannot tell. Perchance,
While all is hush and silent but the heart,
E'en thou hast human sympathies for heaven,
And singest yonder in the holy deep
Because thou hast a pinion. If it be,
Oh for a wing, upon the aerial tide
To sail with thee a minstrel mariner!

When to a rarer height thou wheelest up,
Hast thou that awful thrill of an ascension, —
The lone, lost feeling in the vasty vault?
Oh for thine ear, to hear the ascending tones
Range the ethereal chambers! — then to feel
A harmony, while from the eternal depth
Steals naught but the pure starlight evermore!
And then to list the echoes, faint and mellow,
Far, far below, breathe from the hollow earth,
For thee, soft, sweet petition, to return.

And hither, haply, thou wilt shape thy neck;
And settle, like a silvery cloud, to rest,
If thy wild image, flaring in the abyss,
Startle thee not aloft. Lone aeronaut,
That catchest, on thine airy looking-out,
Glassing the hollow darkness, many a lake,
Lay, for the night, thy lily bosom here.
There is the deep unsounded for thy bath,
The shallow for the shaking of thy quills,
The dreamy cove, or cedar-wooded isle,
With galaxy of water-lilies, where,
Like mild Diana 'mong the quiet stars,
'Neath overbending branches thou wilt move,

Till early warblers shake the crystal shower,
And whistling pinions warn thee to thy voyage.
But where art thou? — lost, — spirited away
To bowers of light by thy own dying whispers?
Or does some billow of the ocean-air,
In its still roll around from zone to zone,
All breathless to the empyrean heave thee?
There is a panting in the zenith — hush!
The Swan — how strong her great wing times the silence! —
She passes over high and quietly.
Now peals the living clarion anew;
One vocal shower falls in and fills the vale.
What witchery in the wilderness it plays! —
Shrill snort the affrighted deer; across the lake
The loon, sole sentinel, screams loud alarm; —
The shy fox barks; — tingling in every vein
I feel the wild enchantment; — hark! they come,
The dulcet echoes from the distant hills,
Like fainter horns responsive; all the while,
From misty isles, soft-stealing symphonies.
Thou bright, swift river of the bark canoe,
Threading the prairie-ponds of Washtenung,
The day of romance wanes. Few summers more,
And the long night will pass away unwaked,
Save by the house-dog or the village bell;
And she, thy minstrel queen, her ermine dip
In lonelier waters.
Ah! thou wilt not stoop;
Old Huron, haply, glistens on thy sky.
The chasing moonbeams, glancing on thy plumes,

Reveal thee now, a little beating blot,
Into the pale Aurora fading.
There! —
Sinks gently back upon her flowery couch
The startled Night; — tinkle the damp wood-vaults
While slip the dew-pearls from her leafy curtains.
That last soft, whispering note, how spirit-like!
While vainly yet mine ear another waits,
A sad, sweet longing lingers in my heart.

Louis Legrand Noble.

Kanawha, the River, West Va.

THE KANAWHA.

NATURE'S lover, pause to see,
Where Kanawha wanders free;
Nature in her wildest mood,
Mid her grandest solitude;
With her mountains thronged around,
Listening to the torrent's sound;
Hill and valley, rock and floods,
Waving with eternal woods:
Here the earth-cloud lowly creeping,
There along the summit sleeping;
Here the cliff uplifting high
Its bold forehead to the sky,
There, like a gigantic lover,
Bending with devotion over

The coy river, swift and clear, —
A gay, bounding mountaineer.
Now it winds away, away,
Sporting with its jewelled spray;
Now it seems to woo your feet,
But, ah! trust not the deceit;
Shrub and pebble though they seem,
Rock and forest guard the stream.
E'en the Grecian lover's leap
Never tempted such a steep,
Where the hawkling far below
Nestles 'neath the beetling brow;
While along yon craggy bed
Lurks the vengeful copperhead,
And the avalanche of rock
Poises for an earthquake-shock.
All is fresh, sublime, and wild,
As when first by Nature piled,
Ere the white-man wandered here,
Or the red-man chased the deer, —
Naming, ere he fled forever,
This, his own Romantic River.

Lewis Ringe.

THE GOOD PART THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kanawha's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,

While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Longmont, Colorado.

A SUNSET AT LONGMONT.

WE 've journeyed through the mountains. There they stand
Broad-based, majestic in a grand repose,
Some three leagues westward. Longmont welcomes us;
And while we rest this balmy summer eve
At hospitable thresholds, all the sky,
As if to consecrate our holiday,
And make our precious memories more dear,
Puts on unwonted glory; and our eyes,
Like those of Moses in the mount, are smit
With sudden splendor. For the sinking sun,
Hidden, is not repressed, but pours its light
Upward and far aslant on flocks of cloud.
Along the clear horizon's narrow rim,
Down the great gulfs of everlasting rock,

O'er shining peaks, the distant Snowy Range,
And Long's high crown, while all the nearer hills
In tender shadow watch the miracle.
Spread to the right, and gleaming fold on fold,
Vermilion, saffron, pink, and pearly white,
The gorgeous banners of the clouds are flung,
Waving and tossing in resplendent surge,
Above yon belt of deep, delicious sky,
Whose liquid opal perfect, passionless,
Runs to a field of luminous emerald,
Broidered with marvellous fringe of crimson fire.
More southward, fleecy draperies touched with rose
Float on the air, and here and there droop low
Upon the shoulders of the purple peaks.
O'erhead the arrows of the hidden sun
Flash, now and then, on cliffs of ragged cloud;
And plumes of radiance, like strange tropic birds,
Flit through the open spaces of the blue.
High up amid the awful gaps of rock,
Between the ranges, a soft sea of bloom, —
The lustrous pollen of this sunset-flower, —
Throbs wave on wave against the granite shore.
Wondrous the billows of this golden mist,
Sweet, tender, lucent, as if purest dews
Of Paradise had washed the starry sheen
From heaven's choicest blossoms, and poured all
Into the porphyry basin of the mount,
A perfect incense to the unseen God.
Unasked we join the worship of the hour,
Breathless with indescribable applause.
The sacred spell of Beauty on us lies,

And power that dwells in Light's essential throne,
And Love in which all that is good is born.
The curtains of the glowing deep are drawn,
And through the vista, garlanded with gold,
O'er amethystine herbage, lawns of rose,
Pure streams where lilies of the angels blow,
Far toward the sightless glory of the Lord,
Our hearts are borne in measureless content,
Renewed and resting on the Infinite!

Horatio Nelson Powers.

Lookout, the Mountain, Tenn.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

HISTORIC mount! baptized in flame and blood,
Thy name is as immortal as the rocks
That crown thy thunder-scarred but royal brow.
Thou liftest up thy aged head in pride
In the cool atmosphere, but higher still
Within the calm and solemn atmosphere
Of an immortal fame. From thy sublime
And awful summit I can gaze afar
Upon innumerous lesser pinnacles,
And oh! my wingéd spirit loves to fly,
Like a strong eagle, mid their up-piled crags.
But most on thee, imperial mount, my soul
Is chained as by a spell of power.
I gaze
From this tall height on Chickamauga's field,

Where Death held erst high carnival. The waves
Of the mysterious death-river moaned;
The tramp, the shout, the fearful thunder-roar
Of red-breathed cannon, and the wailing cry
Of myriad victims, filled the air. The smoke
Of battle closed above the charging hosts,
And, when it passed, the grand old flag no more
Waved in the light of heaven. The soil was wet
And miry with the life-blood of the brave,
As with a drenching rain; and yon broad stream,
The noble and majestic Tennessee,
Ran reddened toward the deep.
But thou, O bleak
And rocky mountain, wast the theatre
Of a yet fiercer struggle. On thy height,
Where now I sit, a proud and gallant host,
The chivalry and glory of the South,
Stood up awaiting battle. Sombre clouds,
Floating far, far beneath them, shut from view
The stern and silent foe, whose storied flag
Bore on its folds our country's monarch-bird,
Whose talons grasp the thunderbolt. Up, up
Thy rugged sides they came with measured tramp,
Unheralded by bugle, drum, or shout,
And, though the clouds closed round them with the gloom
Of double night, they paused not in their march
Till sword and plume and bayonet emerged
Above the spectral shades that circled round
Thy awful breast. Then suddenly a storm
Of flame and lead and iron downward burst,

From this tall pinnacle, like winter hail.
Long, fierce, and bloody was the strife, — alas!
The noble flag, our country's hope and pride,
Sank down beneath the surface of the clouds,
As sinks the pennon of a shipwrecked bark
Beneath a stormy sea, and naught was heard
Save the wild cries and moans of stricken men,
And the swift rush of fleeing warriors down
Thy rugged steeps.
But soon the trumpet-voice
Of the bold chieftain of the routed host
Resounded through the atmosphere, and pierced
The clouds that hung around thee. With high words
He quickly summoned his brave soldiery back
To the renewal of the deadly fight;
Again their stern and measured tramp was heard
By the flushed Southrons, as it echoed up
Thy bald, majestic cliffs. Again they burst,
Like spirits of destruction, through the clouds,
And mid a thousand hurtling missiles swept
Their foes before them as the whirlwind sweeps
The strong oaks of the forest. Victory
Perched with her sister-eagle on the scorched
And torn and blackened banner.
Awful mount:
The stains of blood have faded from thy rocks,
The cries of mortal agony have ceased
To echo from thy hollow cliffs, the smoke
Of battle long since melted into air,
And yet thou art unchanged. Aye thou wilt lift

In majesty thy walls above the storm,
Mocking the generations as they pass,
And pilgrims of the far-off centuries
Will sometimes linger in their wanderings,
To ponder, with a deep and sacred awe,
The legend of the fight above the clouds.

George Dennison Prentice.

Louisville, Ky.

CAVE HILL CEMETERY.

HERE, whilst the twilight dews
Are softly gathering on the leaves and flowers,
I come, O patriot dead, to muse
A few brief hours.

Hard by you, rank on rank,
Rise the sad evergreens, whose solemn forms
Are dark as if they only drank
The thunder-storms.

Through the thick leaves around
The low, wild winds their dirge-like music pour,
Like the far ocean's solemn sound,
On its lone shore.

From all the air a sigh,
Dirge-like and soul-like, melancholy, wild,
Comes like a mother's wailing cry
O'er her dead child.

Yonder, a little way,
Where mounds rise thick like surges on the sea,
Those whom ye met in fierce array
Sleep dreamlessly.

The same soft breezes sing,
The same birds chant their spirit-requiem,
The same sad flowers their fragrance fling
O'er you and them.

And pilgrims oft will grieve
Alike o'er Northern and o'er Southern dust,
And both to God's great mercy leave
In equal trust.

Oh, ye and they, as foes,
Will meet no more, but calmly take your rest,
The meek hands folded in repose
On each still breast.

No marble columns rear
Their shafts to blazon each dead hero's name,
Yet well, oh, well, ye slumber here,
Great sons of fame!

The dead as free will start
From the unburdened as the burdened sod,
And stand as pure in soul and heart
Before their God.

* * *

George Denison Prentice.

Madison, Wis.

THE FOUR LAKES OF MADISON.

FOUR limpid lakes, — four Naiades
Or sylvan deities are these,
In flowing robes of azure dressed;
Four lovely handmaids that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the Sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift, diurnal round on high;
By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
How visionary ye appear!
All like a floating landscape seems
In cloud-land or the land of dreams,
Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Mammoth Cave, Ky.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

ALL day, as day is reckoned on the earth,
I've wandered in these dim and awful aisles,
Shut from the blue and breezy dome of heaven,
While thoughts, wild, drear, and shadowy, have swept
Across my awe-struck soul, like spectres o'er
The wizard's magic glass, or thunder-clouds
O'er the blue waters of the deep. And now
I'll sit me down upon yon broken rock
To muse upon the strange and solemn things
Of this mysterious realm.
All day my steps
Have been amid the beautiful, the wild,
The gloomy, the terrific. Crystal founts,
Almost invisible in their serene
And pure transparency; high, pillared domes,
With stars and flowers all fretted like the halls
Of Oriental monarchs; rivers dark
And drear and voiceless as Oblivion's stream,
That flows through Death's dim vale of silence; gulfs
All fathomless, down which the loosened rock
Plunges until its far-off echoes come
Fainter and fainter like the dying roll
Of thunders in the distance; Stygian pools
Whose agitated waves give back a sound
Hollow and dismal, like the sullen roar

In the volcano's depths; — these, these have left
Their spell upon me, and their memories
Have passed into my spirit, and are now
Blent with my being till they seem a part
Of my own immortality.
God's hand,
At the creation, hollowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herb nor flower
Ere sprang amid the sands, nor dews, nor rains,
Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening power,
Nor gentle breeze its Eden message told
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand years
Swept o'er the earth ere human footprints marked
This subterranean desert. Centuries
Like shadows came and past, and not a sound
Was in this realm, save when at intervals,
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mass
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down,
Its echoes sounding through these corridors
A moment, and then dying in a hush
Of silence, such as brooded o'er the earth
When earth was chaos. The great mastodon,
The dreaded monster of the elder world,
Passed o'er this mighty cavern, and his tread
Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds
And made earth tremble; armies in their pride
Perchance have met above it in the shock
Of war, with shout and groan, and clarion blast,
And the hoarse echoes of the thunder gun;
The storm, the whirlwind, and the hurricane
Have roared above it, and the bursting cloud

Sent down its red and crashing thunderbolt;
Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their wrath,
Rocking earth's surface as the storm-wind rocks
The old Atlantic; — yet no sound of these
Ere came down to the everlasting depths
Of these dark solitudes.

How oft we gaze
With awe or admiration on the new
And unfamiliar, but pass coldly by
The lovelier and the mightier! Wonderful
Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,
But far more wonderful yon outer world
Lit by the glorious sun. These arches swell
Sublime in lone and dim magnificence,
But how sublimer God's blue canopy,
Beleaguered with his burning cherubim
Keeping their watch eternal! Beautiful
Are all the thousand snow-white gems that lie
In these mysterious chambers, gleaming out
Amid the melancholy gloom, and wild
These rocky hills and cliffs and gulfs, but far
More beautiful and wild the things that greet
The wanderer in our world of light: the stars
Floating on high like islands of the blest;
The autumn sunsets glowing like the gate
Of far-off Paradise; the gorgeous clouds
On which the glories of the earth and sky
Meet and commingle; earth's unnumbered flowers
All turning up their gentle eyes to heaven;
The birds, with bright wings glancing in the sun,
Filling the air with rainbow miniatures;

The green old forests surging in the gale;
The everlasting mountains, on whose peaks
The setting sun burns like an altar-flame;
And ocean, like a pure heart rendering back
Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath
Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast
Of a chained giant in his agony.

George Denison Prentice.

THE RIVER IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

O DARK mysterious stream, I sit by thee
In awe profound, as myriad wanderers
Have sat before. I see thy waters move
From out the ghostly glimmerings of my lamp
Into the dark beyond, as noiselessly
As if thou wert a sombre river drawn
Upon a spectral canvas, or the stream
Of dim Oblivion flowing through the lone
And shadowy vale of death. There is no wave
To whisper on thy shore, or breathe a wail,
Wounding its tender bosom on thy sharp
And jagged rocks. Innumerous mingled tones,
The voices of the day and of the night,
Are ever heard through all our outer world,
For Nature there is never dumb; but here
I turn and turn my listening ear, and catch
No mortal sound, save that of my own heart,
That mid the awful stillness throbs aloud,
Like the far sea-surf's low and measured beat

Upon its rocky shore. But when a cry
Or shout or song is raised, how wildly back
Come the weird echoes from a thousand rocks,
As if unnumbered airy sentinels,
The genii of the spot, caught up the voice,
Repeating it in wonder, — a wild maze
Of spirit-tones, a wilderness of sounds,
Earth-born but all unearthly.
Thou dost seem,
O wizard stream, a river of the dead, —
A river of some blasted, perished world,
Wandering forever in the mystic void.
No breeze e'er strays across thy solemn tide;
No bird e'er breaks thy surface with his wing;
No star or sky or bow is ever glassed
Within thy depths; no flower or blade e'er breathes
Its fragrance from thy bleak banks on the air.
True, here are flowers, or semblances of flowers,
Carved by the magic fingers of the drops
That fall upon thy rocky battlements, —
Fair roses, tulips, pinks, and violets, —
All white as cerements of the coffined dead;
But they are flowers of stone, and never drank
The sunshine or the dew. O sombre stream,
Whence comest thou, and whither goest? Far
Above, upon the surface of old Earth,
A hundred rivers o'er thee pass and sweep,
In music and in sunshine, to the sea;
Thou art not born of them. Whence comest thou,
And whither goest? None of earth can know.
No mortal e'er has gazed upon thy source, —

No mortal seen where thy dark waters blend
With the abyss of Ocean. None may guess
The mysteries of thy course. Perchance thou hast
A hundred mighty cataracts, thundering down
Toward Earth's eternal centre; but their sound
Is not for ear of man. All we can know
Is that thy tide rolls out, a spectre stream,
From yon stupendous, frowning wall of rock,
And, moving on a little way, sinks down
Beneath another mass of rock as dark
And frowning, even as life, — our little life, —
Born of one fathomless eternity,
Steals on a moment and then disappears
In an eternity as fathomless.

George Denison Prentice.

Marais du Cygne, Kansas.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.

THE massacre of unarmed and unoffending men in Southern Kansas took place near the Marais du Cygne of the French *voyageurs*.

A BLUSH as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn, —
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
O Marais du Cygne!
On death for the strong life,
On red grass for green!

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!

Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of his harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong:
Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood,—
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS.

AT last he seemed to lose it altogether
Upon the Mississippi; where he stayed
His course at Memphis, undecided whether
He should go back or forward. Here he strayed
One afternoon along the esplanade
And high bluff of the river-fronting town,
To watch the boats and see the sun go down.

The lyric fit had left him; but the sight
Of the strong river sweeping vast and slow,
Gleaming far off, a flood of crimson light;
And, darkly hung between it and the glow
Of a most lovely sunset sky, the low,
Interminable forests of Arkansas,
Might have inspired some very pretty stanzas.

The esplanade looks down upon the landing,
A broadly shelving bank, well trodden and bare,
Called by a singular misunderstanding
The levee, — while there is no levee there;
The famous landing at New Orleans, where
There is one, having fixed the name forever
For that and other landings on the river.

Acres of merchandise, of cotton-bales,
And bales of hay, awaiting transportation;
Ploughs, household goods, and kegs of rum or nails,
Endless supplies for village and plantation,
Enclosed a scene of wondrous animation,
Of outcry and apparent wild confusion
Contrasting with the sunset's soft illusion; —

The steamers lying broadside to the stream,
With delicately pillared decks, the clang
Of bells, the uproar of escaping steam;
There, tugging at some heavy rope, the gang
Of slaves that all together swayed and sang,
Their voices rising in a wild, rich chime,
To which lithe forms and lithe black arms kept time;

The shouts of negro-drivers, droves of mules,
Driven in their turn by madly yelling blacks;
Chairs, tables, kitchen-ware and farming-tools,
Carts, wagons, barrels, boxes, bales, and sacks,
Pushed, hauled, rolled, tumbled, tossed, or borne on backs
Of files of men, across the ways of plank
Between the loading steamers and the bank!

Then as the sunlight faded from the stream,
And deepening shadows cooled the upper air,
The waves were lighted by the lurid gleam
Of flambeaux that began to smoke and flare,
And cast a picturesque and ruddy glare
On shore and boats and men of every hue.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

Miami, the River, Ohio.

MIAMI WOODS.

THE autumn time is with us! — Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies, that veiled the brazen sun,
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine. And now, 't is here!
And what a change hath passed upon the face
Of Nature, where the waving forest spreads,
Then robed in deepest green! All through the night
The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art;
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders; and the winds of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing leaves.
And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape, circling far,
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp

Of colors, bursts upon the ravished sight!
Here, where the maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory: yonder, where the oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
The dogwood spreads beneath, a rolling field
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarléd gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!

Out in the woods of Autumn! — I have cast
Aside the shackles of the town, that vex
The fetterless soul, and come to hide myself,
Miami! in thy venerable shades.
Low on thy bank, where spreads the velvet moss,
My limbs recline. Beneath me, silver-bright,
Glide the clear waters, with a plaintive moan
For summer's parting glories. High o'erhead,
Seeking the sedgy lakes of the warm South,
Sails tireless the unerring waterfowl,
Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft from where,
Erect on mossy trunk, the partridge stands,
Bursts suddenly the whistle clear and loud,
Far-echoing through the dim wood's fretted aisles.
Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with brown
And ripened mast, are interrupted now
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
The turkey from the thicket comes, and swift
As flies an arrow darts the pheasant down,
To batten on the autumn; and the air,
At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
Of myriad wings, as the wild pigeon leads

His squadrons to the banquet. Far away,
Where the pawpaw its mellow fruitage yields,
And thick, dark clusters of the wild grape hang,
The merry laugh of childhood, and the shout
Of truant schoolboy, ring upon the air.

* * *

William D. Gallagher.

Michigan, the Lake.

LAKE MICHIGAN.

WRITTEN DURING THE JUBILEE AT CHICAGO.

WHILE thousands throng each crowded mart,
And gaze around in mute surprise,
I turn with an adoring heart
To thee, fair mirror of the skies.
Yet not in silence can I pour
My full heart out, fair Lake, to thee,
So, humbly kneeling on thy shore,
I chant thy praise, my Jubilee.

The purple clouds are all drawn back
From heaven's blue vault, that I may trace
Its distant verge, — its shining track
Held to thy heart in close embrace.
The roseate flush that tinged the sky
Has slowly turned to burnished gold,
And every wave that hurries by
Clasps all of sunlight it can hold.

I saw thee not, Lake Michigan,
When all aglow, — a sheet of flame;
When forth the frenzied people ran
To shriek for help, to call thy name.
Chicago, thine own cherished bride,
Thou mightst not succor, couldst not save;
But fettered lay as flames spread wide
And scooped for her a yawning grave.

The loss was ours; we mourned with thee
That she should fall, — a nation mourned;
Nor deemed we then we e'er should see
Her hopes restored, her strength returned.
"Forever lost, forever gone!"
Came through thy murmuring wavelets' swell;
"Forever lost, forever gone!"
We echoed back, — her funeral knell.

Yet now, so soon, a wondering throng
Crowd to thy shore in hushed surprise,
And there behold (grand theme for song)
Chicago, Phœnix-like, arise.
A world lamented when she fell,
And now, 'neath turret, tower, and dome,
A multitude of voices tell
Her year of Jubilee has come.

Chicago, City of the Lake,
Bride of this lovely inland sea,
Thy resurrection-glories wake
A dream of what thou yet shalt be.

Undaunted in thy darkest hour,
Thyself hast brought the awakening dawn;
Thy energy has been the power
That led, and still shall lead thee on.

Kate Harrington.

MARQUETTE.

COMPOSED ON LAKE MICHIGAN, BY THE RIVER WHERE MARQUETTE DIED.

SINK to my heart, bright evening skies!
Ye waves that round me roll,
With all your golden, crimson dyes,
Sink deep into my soul!
And ye, soft-footed stars, — that come
So silently at even,
To make this world awhile your home,
And bring us nearer heaven, —
Speak to my spirit's listening ear
With your calm tones of beauty,
And to my darkened mind make clear
My errors and my duty.

Speak to my soul of those who went
Across this stormy lake,
On deeds of mercy ever bent
For the poor Indian's sake.
They looked to all of you, and each
Leant smiling from above,
And taught the Jesuit how to teach
The omnipotence of love.

You gave the apostolic tone
To Marquette's guileless soul,
Whose life and labors shall be known
Long as these waters roll.
To him the little Indian child,
Fearless and trustful came,
Curbed for a time his temper wild,
And hid his heart of flame.
With gentle voice, and gentle look,
Sweet evening star, like thine,
That heart the missionary took
From off the war-god's shrine,
And laid it on the Holy Book,
Before the Man Divine.
The blood-stained demons saw with grief
Far from their magic ring,
Around their now converted chief,
The tribe come gathering.
Marquette's belief was their belief,
And Jesus was their king.
Fierce passions' late resistless drift
Drives now no longer by;
'T is rendered powerless by the gift
Of heaven-fed charity.

Speak to my heart, ye stars, and tell
How, on yon distant shore,
The world-worn Jesuit bade farewell
To those that rowed him o'er;
Told them to sit and wait him there,
And break their daily food,

While he to his accustomed prayer
Retired within the wood;
And how they saw the day go round,
Wondering he came not yet,
Then sought him anxiously, and found,
Not the kind, calm Marquette, —
He silently had passed away, —
But on the greensward there,
Before the crucifix, his clay
Still kneeling, as in prayer.

Nor let me as a fable deem,
Told by some artful knave,
The legend, that the lonely stream,
By which they dug his grave,
When wintry torrents from above
Swept with resistless force,
Knew and revered the man of love,
And changed its rapid course,
And left the low, sepulchral mound
Uninjured by its side,
And spared the consecrated ground
Where he had knelt and died.
Nor ever let my weak mind rail
At the poor Indian,
Who, when the fierce northwestern gale
Swept o'er Lake Michigan,
In the last hour of deepest dread
Knew of one resource yet,
And stilled the thunder overhead
By calling on Marquette!

Sink to my heart, sweet evening skies!
Ye darkening waves that roll
Around me, — ye departing dyes, —
Sink to my inmost soul!
Teach to my heart of hearts that fact,
Unknown, though known so well,
That in each feeling, act, and thought
God works by miracle.
And ye, soft-footed stars, that come
So quietly at even,
Teach me to use this world, my home,
So as to make it heaven!

James Handasyd Perkins.

Minnehaha, the Falls, Minnesota.

THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

THIS was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha

Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Mission Dolores, Cal.

THE ANGELUS,

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

BELLS of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With colors of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past, —
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old, —
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness, —
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

Bret Harte.

Mission Ridge, Tenn.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF MISSION RIDGE.

WHEN the foes, in conflict heated,
Battled over road and bridge,
While Bragg sullenly retreated
From the heights of Mission Ridge, —
There, amid the pines and wildwood,
Two opposing colonels fell,
Who had schoolmates been in childhood,
And had loved each other well.

There, amid the roar and rattle,
Facing Havoc's fiery breath,
Met the wounded two in battle,
In the agonies of death.
But they saw each other reeling
On the dead and dying men,
And the old time, full of feeling,
Came upon them once again.

When that night the moon came creeping,
With its gold streaks, o'er the slain,
She beheld two soldiers, sleeping,
Free from every earthly pain.
Close beside the mountain heather,
Where the rocks obscure the sand,
They had died, it seems, together,
As they clasped each other's hand.

J. Augustine Signaigo.

Mississippi, the River.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

SHADOWED beneath those awful piles of stone,
Where Liberty has found a Pisgah height,
O'erlooking all the land she loves to bless,
The jagged rocks and icy towers her guard,
Whose splintered summits seize the warring clouds,
And roll them, broken, like a host o'erthrown,
Adown the mountain's side, scattering their wealth
Of powdered pearl and liquid diamond drops, —
There is thy source, — great River of the West!

Slowly, like youthful Titan gathering strength
To war with heaven and win himself a name,
The stream moves onward through the dark ravines,
Rending the roots of overarching trees,
To form its narrow channel, where the star,
That fain would bathe its beauty in the wave,
Like lover's glance steals, trembling, through the leaves,
That veil the waters with a vestal's care;
And few of human form have ventured there,
Save the swart savage in his bark canoe.

But now it deepens, struggles, rushes on;
Like goaded war-horse, bounding o'er the foe,
It clears the rocks it may not spurn aside,
Leaping, as Curtius leaped adown the gulf,
And rising, like Antæus from the fall,

Its course majestic through the land pursues,
And the broad River o'er the Valley reigns!

It reigns alone. The tributary streams
Are humble vassals, yielding to its sway.
And when the wild Missouri fain would join
A rival in the race, — as Jacob seized
On his red brother's birthright, even so
The swelling Mississippi grasps that wave,
And, rebaptizing, makes the waters one.

It reigns alone, — and Earth the sceptre feels; —
Her ancient trees are bowed beneath the wave,
Or, rent like reeds before the whirlwind's swoop,
Toss on the bosom of the maddened flood,
A floating forest, till the waters, calmed,
Like slumbering anaconda gorged with prey,
Open a haven to the moving mass,
Or form an island in the dark abyss.

It reigns alone. Old Nile would ne'er bedew
The lands it blesses with its fertile tide.
Even sacred Ganges, joined with Egypt's flood,
Would shrink beside this wonder of the West!
Ay, gather Europe's royal rivers all, —
The snow-swelled Neva, with an empire's weight
On her broad breast, she yet may overwhelm;
Dark Danube, hurrying, as by foe pursued,
Through shaggy forests and from palace walls,
To hide its terrors in a sea of gloom;
The castled Rhine, whose vine-crowned waters flow,
The fount of fable and the source of song;

The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths
The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;
The yellow Tiber, choked with Roman spoils,
A dying miser shrinking 'neath his gold;
And Seine, where Fashion glasses fairest forms;
And Thames, that bears the riches of the world;
Gather their waters in one ocean mass, —
Our Mississippi, rolling proudly on,
Would sweep them from its path, or swallow up,
Like Aaron's rod, these streams of fame and song!
And thus the peoples, from the many lands,
Where these old streams are household memories,
Mingle beside our river, and are one,
And join to swell the strength of Freedom's tide,
That from the fount of Truth is flowing on,
To sweep earth's thousand tyrannies away.

How wise, how wonderful the works of God!
And, hallowed by his goodness, all are good.
The creeping glowworm, the careering sun,
Are kindled from the effluence of his light;
The ocean and the acorn-cup are filled
By gushings from the fountain of his love.
He poured the Mississippi's torrent forth,
And heaved its tide above the trembling land, —
Grand type how Freedom lifts the citizen
Above the subject masses of the world, —
And marked the limits it may never pass.
Trust in his promises, and bless his power,
Ye dwellers on its banks, and be at peace.

And ye, whose way is on this warrior wave,
When the swoln waters heave with ocean's might,

And storms and darkness close the gate of heaven,
And the frail bark, fire-driven, bounds quivering on,
As though it rent the iron shroud of night,
And struggled with the demons of the flood,—
Fear nothing! He who shields the folded flower,
When tempests rage, is ever present here.
Lean on "our Father's" breast in faith and prayer,
And sleep,—his arm of love is strong to save.

Great Source of being, beauty, light, and love,—
Creator,—Lord,—the waters worship thee!
Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers,—
Ere the glad hills leaped upward, or the earth,
With swelling bosom, waited for her child,—
Before eternal Love had lit the sun,
Or Time had traced his dial-plate in stars,—
The joyful anthem of the waters flowed;
And Chaos like a frightened felon fled,
While on the deep the Holy Spirit moved.

* * *

Sarah Josepha Hale.

TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

MAJESTIC stream! along thy banks,
In silent, stately, solemn ranks,
The forests stand, and seem with pride
To gaze upon thy mighty tide;
As when, in olden classic time,
Beneath a soft, blue Grecian clime,
Bent o'er the stage, in breathless awe,
Crowds thrilled and trembled, as they saw

Sweep by the pomp of human life,
The sounding flood of passion's strife,
And the great stream of history
Glide on before the musing eye.
There, row on row, the gazers rise;
Above, look down the arching skies;
O'er all those gathered multitudes
Such deep and voiceful silence broods,
Methinks one mighty heart I hear
Beat high with hope, or quake with fear; —
E'en so yon groves and forests seem
Spectators of this rushing stream.
In sweeping, circling ranks they rise,
Beneath the blue o'erarching skies;
They crowd around and forward lean,
As eager to behold the scene, —
To see, proud river! sparkling wide,
The long procession of thy tide, —
To stand and gaze, and feel with thee
All thy unuttered ecstasy.
It seems as if a heart did thrill
Within yon forests, deep and still,
So soft and ghost-like is the sound
That stirs their solitudes profound.

Charles Timothy Brooks.

BROTHER ANTONIO.

THE wood-yard fires flare over the deck,
As the steamer is moored to a sunken wreck.

They glare on the smoke-stacks, tall and black;
They flush on the quick steam's flying rack;

But shimmer soft on the curly hair
Of children crouched by the gangway and stair,

And rest like hands on the furrowed brow
Of an old man bent o'er his shrouded frau.

Dark sweeps the restless river's tide,
While the pall of night comes down to hide

From the careless gaze of strangers near,
The pale thin form on the pine-plank bier.

They had come from the legend-haunted Rhine
To the grand New World where the free stars shine,

Seeking the fortune they might not find
In the Fatherland they had left behind;

And while the proud fleet ship would toss
The spray from her wings like an albatross,

Their shouting children sung with glee
Wild, stirring songs of the brave and free.

They saw the Indian isles of palm;
The Mexique shores with their spice and balm;

And the Mississippi, an inland main,
With its orange-groves and its fields of cane.

Sweet, round the tawny river's mouth,
Blew the rare odors of the South,

And bright in the reeds, as the steamer sped,
The white crane gleamed, and the ibis red.

So, ere they reached the far-off goal
Where boundless prairie gardens roll

From river to mount in their flowery braid
Like playgrounds by the Titans made;

While all her little ones round her crept,
And looked in her dying face and wept, —

She closed her sunken, faded eyes,
Forever on alien woods and skies.

They were far from consecrated ground,
And the unshorn forest before them frowned;

But a vagrant footfall would not press
The lone grave in the wilderness;

So, turning away from his cherished dead,
With a quivering lip old Hermann said,

As he looked toward the peaceful, virgin sod,
"I'll bury her there, in the name of God."

They dug her grave in the forest lone,
While the night-wind murmured a sobbing moan,

And the wood-yard fires, now red, now dim,
Peopled the dark with spectres grim.

* * *

The old man kneels in the sacred place;
On the cold damp clay he lays his face;

When out from the gloom of a moss-hung tree,
A low voice murmurs, "Pray for me."

He sees in the thicket a dark-browed man
Where the green palmetto spreads its fan;

His tall form hid in the darkening night,
His face aglow in the flambeau's light.

A moment more, and a palm-branch fair
Is laid on the fresh-heaped hillock there;

The stranger kneels by the silent dead, —
"I, too, have buried my life," he said.

* * *

Fair in the morning's rosy fire
Saint Lazarus lifts its silver spire.

The river circles the garden round,
And the still, bird-haunted burying-ground.

Children about the cloisters play,
And tell, as a tale of yesterday,

How the corner-stone by the bishop was laid,
And Brother Antonio a deacon made, —

Brother Antonio, round whose head
The brown bees hum when the hives are fed;

Who pulls the weeds from the garden-walks,
And shields from the sun the tender stalks;

In whose boat the fisher's children ride
And sing as he rows to the farther side;

About whose feet each helpless thing
May buzz and blossom and crawl and sing, —

Brother Antonio, who gave his gold
To build this home for the sick and old;

Who teaches the lads in the village class;
Who helps old Hermann mow the grass,

Or sits at his door in the twilight dim,
And sings with his sons their mother's hymn.

The ships come in with their emigrant poor
Crowded like sheep on the steerage-floor;

But smiles on the lips of the feeblest play
As Brother Antonio leads the way,

Guiding their babes with a tender care
Down the noisy deck and the gangway-stair

To the hospital grounds so fresh and cool,
Where the gold-fish glance in the sparkling pool,

And the gentle Sisters day and night
Watch by the sick on their couches white.

Many a nook in the graveyard fair
Is bright with lilies and roses rare;

But one wild spot by the river-side
Is fairest at midnight's solemn tide;

And there, where the green palmetto's fan
Shadows a headstone gray and wan,

Where the long moss swings and the eddies moan,
Brother Antonio prays, alone.

* * *

Annie Chambers-Ketchum.

ON THE BLUFF.

O GRANDLY flowing river!
O silver-gliding river!
Thy springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old;
They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-whitened islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious river!
O sunset-kindled river!
Do you remember ever
The eyes and skies so blue
On a summer day that shone here,
When we were all alone here,
And the blue eyes were too wise
To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive river!
O still unanswering river!

The shivering willows quiver
As the night-winds moan and rave.
From the past a voice is calling,
From heaven a star is falling,
And dew swells in the bluebells
Above her hillside grave.

John Hay.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi of the North! bright stream
On whose fair bosom first of all their race,
Marquette and Joliet float, and fondly dream
Of empires new and heathen brought to grace.
How pride and wonder lighted up each face
While down the stream the brave explorers sped,
Marking the devious windings as they trace
The noble river's wood-environed bed
To where Missouri's waves the gentle waters wed.

* * *

Untamed and restless river! in thy bed,
From Cape Girardeau to the delta's verge,
Vibrating waywardly; thy wild waves fed
With spoil of shores down-fallen in the surge,
And floating forests, which thy waters urge
In endless drift into the distant sea,
Where thou and all thy hundred confluents merge;
In thy long reaching flow still shalt thou be
From man's restraining masonry forever free!

* * *

Edward Reynolds.

Monterey, Cal.

THE PINE FOREST OF MONTEREY.

WHAT point of Time, unchronicled, and dim
As yon gray mist that canopies your heads,
Took from the greedy wave and gave the sun
Your dwelling-place, ye gaunt and hoary Pines?
When, from the barren bosoms of the hills,
With scanty nurture, did ye slowly climb,
Of these remote and latest-fashioned shores
The first-born forest? Titans gnarled and rough,
Such as from out subsiding Chaos grew
To clothe the cold loins of the savage earth,
What fresh commixture of the elements,
What earliest thrill of life, the stubborn soil
Slow-mastering, engendered ye to give
The hills a mantle and the wind a voice?
Along the shore ye lift your rugged arms,
Blackened with many fires, and with hoarse chant,—
Unlike the fibrous lute your co-mates touch
In elder regions,—fill the awful stops
Between the crashing cataracts of the surf.
Have ye no tongue, in all your sea of sound,
To syllable the secret,—no still voice
To give your airy myths a shadowy form,
And make us of lost centuries of lore
The rich inheritors?

The sea-winds pluck
Your mossy beards, and gathering as they sweep,

Vex your high heads, and with your sinewy arms
Grapple and toil in vain. A deeper roar,
Sullen and cold, and rousing into spells
Of stormy volume, is your sole reply.
Anchored in firm-set rock, ye ride the blast,
And from the promontory's utmost verge
Make signal o'er the waters. So ye stood,
When, like a star, behind the lonely sea,
Far shone the white speck of Grijalva's sail;
And when, through driving fog, the breaker's sound
Frighted Otondo's men, your spicy breath
Played as in welcome round their rusty helms,
And backward from its staff shook out the folds
Of Spain's emblazoned banner.

Ancient Pines,
Ye bear no record of the years of man.
Spring is your sole historian, — Spring, that paints
These savage shores with hues of Paradise;
That decks your branches with a fresher green,
And through your lonely, far cañadas pours
Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye
That wander down to lakes and widening seas
Of blossom and of fragrance, — laughing Spring,
That with her wanton blood refills your veins,
And weds ye to your juicy youth again
With a new ring, the while your rifted bark
Drops odorous tears. Your knotty fibres yield
To the light touch of her unfailing pen,
As freely as the lupin's violet cup.
Ye keep, close-locked, the memories of her stay,

As in their shells the avelonès keep
Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly glow.
The wild northwest, that from Alaska sweeps,
To drown Point Lobos with the icy scud
And white sea-foam, may rend your boughs and leave
Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale;
Your steadfast hearts are mailed against the shock,
And on their annual tablets naught inscribe
Of such rude visitation. Ye are still
The simple children of a guiltless soil,
And in your natures show the sturdy grain
That passion cannot jar, nor force relax,
Nor aught but sweet and kindly airs compel
To gentler mood. No disappointed heart
Has sighed its bitterness beneath your shade;
No angry spirit ever came to make
Your silence its confessional; no voice,
Grown harsh in Crime's great market-place, the world,
Tainted with blasphemy your evening hush
And aromatic air. The deer alone, —
The ambushed hunter that brings down the deer, —
The fisher wandering on the misty shore
To watch sea-lions wallow in the flood, —
The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase and fly,
When swift vaqueros, dashing through the herds,
Ride down the angry bull, — perchance, the song
Some Indian heired of long-forgotten sires, —
Disturb your solemn chorus.

Stately Pines,
But few more years around the promontory

Your chant will meet the thunders of the sea.
No more, a barrier to the encroaching sand,
Against the surf ye 'll stretch defiant arm,
Though with its onset and besieging shock
Your firm knees tremble. Nevermore the wind
Shall pipe shrill music through your mossy beards,
Nor sunset's yellow blaze athwart your heads
Crown all the hills with gold. Your race is past:
The mystic cycle, whose unnoted birth
Coeval was with yours, has run its sands,
And other footsteps from these changing shores
Frighten its haunting Spirit. Men will come
To vex your quiet with the din of toil;
The smoky volumes of the forge will stain
This pure, sweet air; loud keels will ride the sea,
Dashing its glittering sapphire into foam;
Through all her green cañadas Spring will seek
Her lavish blooms in vain, and clasping ye,
O mournful Pines, within her glowing arms,
Will weep soft rains to find ye fallen low.
Fall, therefore, yielding to the fiat! Fall,
Ere the maturing soil, whose first dull life
Fed your belated germs, be rent and seamed!
Fall, like the chiefs ye sheltered, stern, unbent,
Your gray beards hiding memorable scars!
The winds will mourn ye, and the barren hills
Whose breast ye clothed; and when the pauses come
Between the crashing cataracts of the surf,
A funeral silence, terrible, profound,
Will make sad answer to the listening sea.

Bayard Taylor.

Mount Rose, Nevada.

MOUNT ROSE.

WE reached the top — I scarce know how —
And stood upon the mountain's brow.
Our weary limbs and wasted strength
Are straightway all forgotten now.
What vastness and sublimity
Were spread before our eager gaze!
What wild and varied scenery!
What pictures for the poet's lays!
Among the passing clouds we stood
And looked about us, and below,
O'er mountains, valleys, lakes, and wood,
And rivers in meandering flow,
As lovely as God's tinted bow.
East, and below, lay Washoe Vale,
The Village, and the shining Lake,
And Steamboat's boiling springs, that pour
Their scalding torrents through the crust
And make their sounding caverns quake.
As struggling currents hiss and roar,
A hundred seething jets of steam
Out from the foaming founts are thrust,
Along the white crustation seam,
And in the sunlight palely gleam,
Weird as the spectres of a dream,
And yet we see them when awake.
Then next the gloomy peaks that break

The morning sunbeams from the dale.
Beyond, the desert dim and pale,
The salt lagoons and Carson's Sink.
Then further, like a stolen link
From out Sierra's mighty chain,
Humboldt's blue peaks rise from the plain.
While far on the horizon's brink,
Full fifty weary leagues away,
Reese River Mountains rise on high,
A jagged wall against the sky,
The seeming eastern verge of day.
Northward are spread the Truckee Meads,
Where Truckee River winding speeds
Toward the foothills, where lies hid
The haunted Lake of Pyramid;
In which the flashing river pours
The current of its liquid stores.
There like a sullen pool it stands,
Evaporates and feeds the sands;
The wonder of the desert vale,
The scene of many an Indian tale
Of love and valor, virtue, vice,
And treachery, and cowardice.

* * *

Next, farther north, lies Crystal Peak;
And still beyond, the Mountain Twins
Tower side by side so brown and bleak;
Their height, and shape, and sameness wins
Attention from the roaming eye
By reason of their symmetry.
Northwest afar looms Lassen's Butte,

High towering, without dispute,
The monarch of a wide domain
Of mountain-range and vale and plain.
While nearer, carpeted in green,
Sierra Valley lies between.
Next, westward, spreading out below,
Pride of the waters of the world,
Sierras' gem, famed Lake Tahoe,
Among the craggy peaks enfurled,
Extends her mirrored sheet elate;
Her eastern shore, the Silver State,
Her western, California.
There like a sleeping nymph she lay
In isolation hid away.
From old Mount Rose range, side by side,
Southward, a long majestic chain
Of wooded mountains. Ophir Slide,
A lofty summit cleft in twain
By melting snows, has ta'en a ride
And caught a footing on the plain.
We let our vision roam again,
And catch a view of Carson's stream,
A river lovely as a dream;
Fresh from the haunts of lasting snow,
It carries gladness in its flow
Along the grassy vale below.
Next, Silver Mountain strikes the view;
Its proud companion, tried and true,
The Great Mogul, is full in sight,
Full crowned in never-failing white,
And chief among the Alpine crew.

John Brayshaw Kaye.

Ohio, the River.

PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO.

AS down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless, silently they glide,
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair
Was the lone land that met the stranger there!
No smiling villages or curling smoke
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke;
No solitary hut, the banks along,
Sent forth blithe labor's homely, rustic song;
No urchin gambolled on the smooth, white sand,
Or hurled the skipping-stone with playful hand,
While playmate dog plunged in the clear blue wave,
And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen, along the river-side,
Young, busy towns, in buxom, painted pride,
And fleets of gliding boats with riches crowned,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound.
Nothing appeared but nature unsubdued,
One endless, noiseless woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie, that aye seemed to be
As level and as lifeless as the sea;
They seemed to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the earth — the land was all their own!
'T was evening now: the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,

And spring upon and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 't was a night might shame the fairest day;
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They cared not though the day ne'er came again.
The moon high wheeled the distant hills above,
Silvered the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whispered it loved the gentle visit well.
That fair-faced orb alone to move appeared,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
No deep-mouthed hound the hunter's haunt betrayed,
No lights upon the shore or waters played,
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
To tell the wanderers, man was nestling there.
All, all was still, on gliding bark and shore,
As if the earth now slept to wake no more.

James Kirke Paulding.

THE OHIO.

ALL hail to thee, Ohio, lovely stream,
That sweepest, murmuring, by, in holy dream,
New cities with their market-din profane,
Colossal rocks and fields of golden grain!

Emblem of Time, here drifts along on thee,
Uprooted by the storm, the giant tree,
The steamer's floating palace there we view,
And yonder skims the red-man's birch canoe!

Here heardest thou the Briton's haggling word,
There the poor, errant Indian's moan was heard,
Thou listenest now the German's heartfelt song,
That homeward floats on tide of yearning strong!

Thou sang'st my cradle-song, thou wast to me,
In youth, the mirror fair of purity,
And whisperest to my heart in manhood's hour
Full many a word of earnestness and power!

Thou see'st my father's house, so German, there,
As if in airy flight such angel-pair,
As bore Loretto's house of charity,
Right from the Rhine had brought thee o'er the sea.

I greet you, ye twin Lares, I your child;
Great Frederick, thee! thee, Joseph, wise and mild!—
A rose-bush, climbing, peeps through window-pane,
He too, as twig, once measured the wide main.

He sailed, one day, an Argonaut of spring,
From the safe port of home took sudden wing,
The golden sun-fleece of far springs to find,
And left his darling nightingale behind.

Thy love of home, O German! hath a glow
Like to the fiery wine's that sparkles so,
And which, o'er farthest seas transported, glows
More deeply and a richer flavor shows.

Before the house there lies a field; all round,
Stumps of felled trees stand scattered o'er the ground,

An old-world's forum, of whose columns tall
The storming foe left many a pedestal.

And in the midst, on one, his deeds to scan,
As Triumphator, sits a grave old man;
His flashing axe, the sceptre in his hand,
His plough, a conqueror's car, drove through the land!

That is my sire! His bristling host behold!
Ranged, lance to lance, and glittering all in gold!
The golden grain encamping near and far,
To guard their kernel, all arrayed for war!

Troops of the Rhine are they, whose tents he bore,
And, victor, planted on Ohio's shore;
Like homesick soldiers on a foreign strand,
They whisper of their far, dear Fatherland.

Gay swarms of humming-birds of brightest hue,
Like damsels, flutter round, the ranks to woo;
Ye wantons! leave me not unnerved, unmanned, —
One heart in all that noble foreign band!

The herd that night brings lowing to thy gate,
O hero, is thy Poet Laureate;
Like his, their voice, when hunger wakes their cries,
In loudest, loftiest strains will ever rise.

See giant trees thy axe forbore to smite,
Stretch out their arms, festooned in towering height,
With wanton serpent-flowers; — they suppliant stand,
Envoys of peace they came from forest-land!

And nightly, when, through the old wood's dark green,
Myriads of fireflies, glancing, light the scene,
'T is the illumination's festal blaze
The captive city to its conqueror pays!

But lo, by moonlight, yonder, dead and bare,
A few old patriarchs lift their arms in air,
Like ghosts of veterans in the battle slain,
Wringing their hands and writhing on the plain!

Lo, the far billows of a fiery sea!
The camp-fire of the routed host may 't be?
As if a choir of seraphs swung on high
The flaming sword, the wood lights up the sky!

The window-rose reflects the reddening light,
She nods a greeting to the outer night,
Yet to console her, all these charms will fail,
For the familiar German nightingale.

Thou hast achieved a noble Fatherland!
Why sinks, old man, thy head upon thy hand?
Do the still roses of thy heart, too, miss
The nightingale of home to crown their bliss?

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE OHIO.

LO, our waiting ark is freighted;
In its depths of oak and pine
All our household gods are gathered, —
Thine, my noble friend, and mine!

Here the laughter-loving children
Gaze, with wonder-filling eyes,
With the maidens whose emotions,
Like the waters, fall and rise.

Here are youths whose westward fancies
Chase the forest-sheltered game;
Here are men with soul and sinew
Which no wilderness can tame.

Here are matrons, full of courage, —
Worthy these the pioneers, —
And the patriarch lends a sanction
In the wisdom of his years.

Axe and team, and plough and sickle,
In the hold are gathered all;
And, methinks, I hear the woodlands,
Mid their thundering echoes, fall.

And behold the great logs blazing,
Till the ashen fields are bare,
And a boundless harvest springing, —
The response of toil and prayer!

Draw the foot-board, loose the cables,
Free the wharf, and man the oars;
Give the broad keel to the river,
Bid adieu to crowded shores:

Wharves where Europe's venturous exiles
Throng with all their hopes and cares, —

Sires of future states of freemen,
  Standing mid their waiting wares.

Bid adieu the Iron City,
  With its everlasting roar,
Whose Niagara of traffic
  Flows to westward evermore.

Where the cloud swings into heaven,
  And the furnace flames disgorge,
With the multitudinous clamor
  Of the factory and the forge.

In yon mountains, like the eagles,
  Brood the rivers at their springs,
Then descend, with sudden swooping,
  On their far and flashing wings.

Here the dashing Alleghany
  And Monongahela meet,
And a moment whirl and dally
  Round the city's crowded feet;

Till, anon, with wedded pinions,
  How they sweep the shores as one,
Driving westward, ever westward,
  In the pathway of the sun.

Like a cloud upon the storm-wind,
  Now our heaving ark careers;
Or some great bridge which a freshet
  Bears in triumph from its piers.

Down we sweep; and yonder steamer
Smoking round the distant hill,
With its swift wheel flashing splendor,
Like the loud wheel of a mill,

Shall not fright us, though the waters
Sweep our deck with foamy force,
While the angel of Adventure,
With true courage, guides our course.

And the river, like our purpose,
Brooks no voice which bids it wait,
Bearing onward, ever onward,
Where the forest opes its gate;

Opes the gate that hung for ages,
Rusting in its old repose,
Which, once swung upon its hinges,
There 's no giant hand can close.

Far beyond that ancient portal
We will pitch our camp, nor rest
Till from out our forest cabins
Spring the homesteads of the West.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

BLENNERHASSET'S ISLAND.

ONCE came an exile, longing to be free,
Born in the greenest island of the sea;
He sought out this, the fairest blooming isle
That ever gemmed a river; and its smile

Of summer green and freedom on his heart
Fell, like the light of Paradise. Apart
It lay, remote and wild; and in his breast
He fancied this an Island of the Blest;
And here he deemed the world might never mar
The tranquil air with its molesting jar.
Long had his soul, among the strife of men,
Gone out and fought, and, fighting, failed; and then
Withdrew into itself; as when some fount
Finds space within, and will no longer mount,
Content to hear its own secluded waves
Make lonely music in the new-found caves.
And here he brought his household; here his wife,
As happy as her children, round his life
Sang as she were an echo, or a part
Of the deep pleasure springing in his heart, —
A silken string which with the heavier cord
Made music, such as well-strung harps afford.
She was the embodied spirit of the man,
His second self, but on a fairer plan.
And here they came, and here they built their home,
And set the rose and taught the vines to roam,
Until the place became an isle of bowers,
Where odors, mist-like, swam above the flowers.
It was a place where one might lie and dream,
And see the Naiads, from the river-stream,
Stealing among the umbrous, drooping limbs;
Where Zephyr, mid the willows, tuned her hymns
Round rippling shores. Here would the first birds throng
In early spring-time, and their latest song

Was given in autumn; when all else had fled,
They half forgot to go; such beauty here was spread.
It was, in sooth, a fair enchanted isle,
Round which the unbroken forest, many a mile,
Reached the horizon like a boundless sea; —
A sea whose waves, at last, were forced to flee
On either hand, before the westward host,
To meet no more upon its ancient coast.
But all things fair, save truth, are frail and doomed;
And brightest beauty is the first consumed
By envious Time; as if he crowned the brow
With loveliest flowers, before he gave the blow
Which laid the victim on the hungry shrine; —
Such was the dreamer's fate, and such, bright isle, was thine.
There came the stranger, heralded by fame,
Whose eloquent soul was like a tongue of flame,
Which brightened and despoiled whate'er it touched.
A violet, by an iron gauntlet clutched,
Were not more doomed than whosoe'er he won
To list his plans, with glowing words o'errun:
And Blennerhasset hearkened as he planned.
Far in the South there was a glorious land,
Crowned with perpetual flowers, and where repute
Pictured the gold more plenteous than the fruit, —
The Persia of the West. There would he steer
His conquering course; and o'er the bright land rear
His far-usurping banner, till his home
Should rest beneath a wide, imperial dome,
Where License, round his thronèd feet, should whirl
Her dizzy mazes like an orient girl.

His followers should be lords; their ladies each
Wear wreaths of gems beyond the old world's reach;
And emperors, gazing at that land of bloom,
With impotent fire of envy should consume.
Such was the gorgeous vision which he drew.
The listener saw; and, dazzled by the view, —
As one in some enchanter's misty room,
His senses poisoned by the strange perfume,
Beholds with fierce desire the picture fair,
And grasps at nothing in the painted air, —
Gave acquiescence, in a fatal hour,
And wealth and hope and peace were in the tempter's power.
The isle became a rendezvous; and then
Came in the noisy rule of lawless men.
Domestic calm, affrighted, fled afar,
And Riot revelled 'neath the midnight star.
Continuous music rustled through the trees,
Where banners danced responsive on the breeze;
Or in festoons, above the astonished bowers,
With flaming colors shamed the modest flowers.
There clanged the mimic combat of the sword,
Like daily glasses round the festive board;
Here lounged the chiefs, there marched the plumèd file,
And martial splendor overran the isle.
Already, the shrewd leader of the sport
The shadowy sceptre grasped, and swayed his court.
In dreams or waking, revelling or alone,
Before him swam the visionary throne;
Until a voice, as if the insulted woods
Had risen to claim their ancient solitudes,

Broke on his spirit, like a trumpet rude,
Shattering his dream to nothing where he stood!
The revellers vanished, and the banners fell,
Like the red leaves beneath November's spell.
Full of great hopes, sustained by mighty will,
Urged by ambition, confident of skill,
As fearless to perform as to devise,
Aflush, but now he saw the glittering prize
Flame like a cloud in day's descending track;
But, lo, the sun went down, and left it black!
Alone, despised, defiance in his eye,
He heard the shout, and "Treason!" was the cry;
And that harsh word, with its unpitying blight,
Swept o'er the island like an arctic night.
Cold grew the hearthstone, withered fell the flowers,
And desolation walked among the bowers.

This was the mansion. Through the ruined hall
The loud winds sweep, with gusty rise and fall,
Or glide, like phantoms, through the open doors;
And winter drifts his snow along the floors,
Blown through the yawning rafters, where the stars
And moon look in as through dull prison bars.
On yonder gable, through the nightly dark,
The owl replies unto the dreary bark
Of lonely fox, beside the grass-grown sill;
And here, on summer eves, the whippoorwill
Exalts her voice, and to the traveller's ear
Proclaims how Ruin rules with full contentment here.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

AN old, familiar friend! I saw the flow
Of wayward Wabash to Ohio's flood,
Long leagues away from where I learned to know
And love the stream; and on its banks I stood
As friend meets friend in some familiar wood.
Its ripples, wrought to flecks of ashy foam;
Its bright, clay-tinted waves; its finny brood;
And even the shells half-buried in the loam, —
All came to me like welcome messages from home.

Here meet and mingle genially in one
The Wabash with Ohio's silver wave.
The Beautiful River! How its waters run,
Inspiring joy and plenty as they lave
The smiling land they irrigate to save.
The Beautiful River! — gentle, clear, and bright, —
Beloved now as when the ancient brave
Propelled his swift canoe athwart the light,
Where gorgeous palace boats now break upon the sight.

Green islands gem the bosom of the stream;
Their sandy slopes beneath the waters dip;
And on the wooded banks the sunbeams gleam,
Reflected in the dew-drops as they drip
From oaks and elms, and clinging vines that grip
The leafy boughs with loving tendrils strong;
The trumpet-flowers smile with ruddy lip;
The mistletoe extends the boughs along,
And wooes the graceful jay-bird's hoarse but cheerful song.

Edward Reynolds.

THE OHIO.

FLOW on, thou glorious river,
Thy mountain-shores between,
To where the Mexique's stormy waves
Dash on savannas green.
Flow on, between the forests
That bend above thy side,
And 'neath the sky and stars, that lie
Mirrored within thy tide.

High in the distant mountains
Thy first small fountains gush,
And down the steep, through the ravine,
In shallow rills they rush;
Till in the level valley,
To which the hills descend,
Converging from the summits, meet
The thousand rills, and blend.
And soon the narrow mountain stream,
O'er which a child might leap,
Holds on its course with a giant's force,
In a channel broad and deep.

High up among the mountains,
The fisher boy is seen,
Alone and lounging in the shade,
Along the margin green;
And not a sound disturbs him, save
A squirrel or a bird,

Or on the autumn leaves the noise
"Of dropping nuts is heard."
But here the city crowds upon
The freedom of the wave,
And many a happy village bank
Thy flowing waters lave.
Upon thy tranquil bosom float
An empire's burdened keels,
And every tributary stream
An empire's wealth reveals.

Flow on, thou mighty river!
High-road of nations, flow!
And thou shalt flow, when all the woods
Upon thy sides are low.
Yes, thou shalt flow eternally,
Though on thy peopled shore
The rising town and dawning state
Should sink to rise no more.

* * *

Ephraim Peabody.

Paso Del Mar, Cal.

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

GUSTY and raw was the morning,
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees;

No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescadòr, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,
Had travelled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him, —
Good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were slippery and wet, as he trod:
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar.

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
And "Back!" shouted Pablo, in wrath,
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path.
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers' hoarse war;
And, "Back, or you perish!" cried Bernal,
"I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland:
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle
And smote till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them
Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,
The broad breast of Bernal at last.

And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
Closed on him with terrible strength,
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,
On the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall.
A cry of the wildest death-anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule went homeward
From the fight of the Paso del Mar.

Bayard Taylor.

Pescadero, Cal.

THE PESCADERO PEBBLES.

WHERE slopes the beach to the setting sun,
On the Pescadero shore,
For ever and ever the restless surf
Rolls up with its sullen roar.

And grasping the pebbles in white hands,
And chafing them together,
And grinding them against the cliffs
In stormy and sunny weather,

It gives them never any rest;
All day, all night, the pain

Of their long agony sobs on,
Sinks, and then swells again.

And tourists come from every clime
To search with eager care,
For those whose rest has been the least;
For such have grown most fair.

But yonder, round a point of rock,
In a quiet, sheltered cove,
Where storm ne'er breaks, and sea ne'er comes,
The tourists never rove.

The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky
Quiet forevermore;
In dreams of everlasting peace
They sleep upon the shore.

But ugly, and rough, and jagged still,
Are they left by the passing years;
For they miss the beat of angry storms,
And the surf that drips in tears.

The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea
Turns the pebble to beauteous gem.
They who escape the agony
Miss also the diadem.

Minot Judson Savage.

Pine Bluffs, Ark.

THE OLD WHARF.

SAD, broken, and scarred, with a careworn look,
It is never a place that a fay might haunt,
This brown old wharf, where the murky waves
Forever in idle monotone chant
A story which seems but nothing sometimes,
Save a babble of foolish and quaint old rhymes;
Like the broken fragments of winds that fell
With sweet spring, swept to her flowery dell,
Or yet to their deep-toned caves,
Whose soft blue gloom hath defied the sun,
But the love-warm rays of the moonlight won.

Sad, broken, and scarred, with its careworn look, —
And no one thinks it can ever be more
Than the brown old wharf by the idle waves,
With hurrying cloudlets passing o'er;
But I often think if these could speak,
How its mummied secrets would crumbling break,
And tell of the thousand steps that passed
(In a day near by, in a far-off day,
Which may never return, or may be the last),
And whisper of farewells again,
That divided true hearts and severed true hands,
When over the South and its sweet summer-lands
Hung the fiery Cross of Pain.

On the grim, gory mount of war it gleamed,
And woman, the weeper, was mourning there,
One farewell cleaving brave hearts and brave hands,
And fate seemed bound in the bands of prayer, —
But only seemed; and the same waves tell,
By the old wharf brown, whatever befell,
When their barks drew near, and others sailed out,
Far off in the far-away!
Eyes there are, yet gazing through time's dim gray,
That is flecked with the gold of that dawning day.

Four times and three, at the old wharf brown,
With a cloven heart have I said good by,
And my secret left, and dreamed it the last,
While the slow, sad waves passed on with a sigh.
But once they bore off a form enshrined
In death's dim dusk; and once they chimed
To a marriage-bell, on a blue June day;
That, too, passed out in the far-away.
And I sometimes fear that a welcome more
Will never come back from the brown old shore,
Though an army with banners of joy stood there,
Where the phantoms of hundred farewells are.

Lilian Rozell Messenger.

Plains, The.

THE PLAINS.

I LOOK along the valley's edge,
Where swings the white road like a swell
Of surf, along a sea of sedge
And black and brittle chaparral,
And enters like an iron wedge
Drove in the mountain dun and brown,
As if to split the hills in twain.
Two clouds of dust roll o'er the plain,
And men ride up and men ride down
And hot men halt, and curse and shout,
And coming coursers plunge and neigh.
The clouds of dust are rolled in one, —
And horses, horsemen, where are they?
Lo! through a rift of cloud and dun,
Of desolation and of rout,
I see some long white daggers flash,
I hear the sharp hot pistols crash,
And curses loud in mad despair
Are blended with a plaintive prayer
That struggles through the dust and air.

The cloud is lifting like a veil:
The frantic curse, the plaintive wail
Have died away; nor sound nor word
Along the dusty plain is heard
Save sounding of yon courser's feet,

Who flies so fearfully and fleet,
With gory girth and broken rein,
Across the hot and trackless plain.
Behold him, as he trembling flies,
Look back with red and bursting eyes
To where his gory master lies.
The cloud is lifting like a veil,
But underneath its drifting sail
I see a loose and black capote
In careless heed far fly and float
So vulture-like above a steed
Of perfect mould and passing speed.

Here lies a man of giant mould,
His mighty right arm, perfect bare
Save but its sable coat of hair,
Is clutching in its iron clasp
A clump of sage, as if to hold
The earth from slipping from his grasp;
While, stealing from his brow, a stain
Of purple blood and gory brain
Yields to the parched lips of the plain,
Swift to resolve to dust again.

Lo! friend and foe blend here and there
With dusty lips and trailing hair:
Some with a cold and sullen stare,
Some with their red hands clasped in prayer.

Here lies a youth, whose fair face is
Still holy from a mother's kiss,
With brow as white as alabaster,

Save a tell-tale powder-stain
Of a deed and a disaster
That will never come again,
With their perils and their pain.

The tinkle of bells on the bended hills,
The hum of bees in the orange trees,
And the lowly call of the beaded rills
Are heard in the land as I look again
Over the peaceful battle-plain.
Murderous man from the field has fled,
Fled in fear from the face of his dead.
He battled, he bled, he ruled a day, —
And peaceful Nature resumes her sway.
And the sward where yonder corses lie,
When the verdant season shall come again,
Shall greener grow than it grew before;
Shall again in sun-clime glory vie
With the gayest green in the tropic scene,
Taking its freshness back once more
From them that despoiled it yesterday.

Joaquin Miller.

THE MIRAGE.

UPON a parched and arid waste,
Beneath the scorching summer sun,
Where nimble swifts each other chased
O'er gaping fissures, checked to run
Their countless million meshy lines

In tangents, angles, arcs and sines, —
A field where Science, urged by Art,
With Nature for a counterpart,
Might with her pencil sketch and pore
O'er varied shapes forevermore, —
The weary travellers struggled on
Across that stretching sea of sand,
A famishing and thirsty band.
A land of streamlets to have won
Had been to them a paradise:
When, lo! ahead there seemed to rise,
Along the distant horizon,
A scene of sylvan loveliness,
To greet them in their sore distress;
A scene where winding rivulets,
All fringed with branching, shady trees,
Coursed smoothly o'er their sandy beds,
And glimmered far, like silvery threads;
Where fountains, with a thousand jets,
Flung out their crystal tapestries,
To form in many a glassy pool
In shady nooks, serene and cool.

And then a change, and lo! a lake,
All dotted o'er with verdant isles,
Before the vision peaceful smiles;
And not a ripple seems to break
The mirrored surface of its deep,
While sombre shadows o'er it creep,
Like spiritual argosies
Borne by an imperceptive breeze.

Upon the isles, that gently swell
Up from the water's curving line,
Gleams many an airy citadel,
Where princes might in splendor dwell,
Or poets woo the mystic Nine.
Tall trees and clumps of shrubbery,
Supporting many a clinging vine
That hangs in rich festoonery,
Thus forming bowers where might recline
The Beauties of Mythology,
In keeping with their high degree.

Fresh as the breath of early Spring,
Seductive as the siren's song,
The panorama moves along.
The wand of magic seems to fling
Its mystic beauties o'er the scene.
Oh, why must space still intervene?

Deceptive picture! pure and chaste
Damascus of the western waste!
Where — ah! it fades! it melts away!
Far o'er the desert, grim and gray,
Along the hazy horizon,
Tall mammoth shapes stalk stately on
Across the visionary range
And disappear; and then, more strange,
A band of mounted harlequins
In madcap antics scour the plain.
You look to see them once again,
But no! they 're gone. No object wins

The searching eye; all 's blank and bare:
No hint of beauty lingers where
The Mirage spread her canopy
And moved the soul to ecstasy.

John Brayshaw Kaye.

THE LITTLE LONE GRAVE ON THE PLAINS.

TWO days had the train been waiting,
Laid off from the forward tramp,
When the sick child drooped
And died, and they scooped
Out a little grave near camp.

Then clad in its scanty garments,
And wrapped in a threadbare shawl,
They laid it away
From the light of day,
Amid tears and sobs from all.

Then silently covered it over,
And heaped up the sandy ground,
And gathered a pile
Of small stones meanwhile,
And placed o'er the little mound.

God pity the poor young mother,
For her heart is wrung full sore,
And the fresh tears start
As she turns to part
From the grave forevermore.

Bereft of her heart's young idol,
And robbed of a mother's joy,
  How could she but grieve
  Forever to leave
The grave of her darling boy?

Oh, it was bleak and so lonely!
Oh, it was so sad and so drear!
  Must her loved one sleep
  There, where none could keep
A friendly vigil near?

Outside of civilization,
Far from the abodes of men,
  Where the cactus blows
  And the wild sage grows,
In the haunts of the wild sage-hen.

No tree in range of the vision,
No beautiful flowers bloom,
  But a waste of sand,
  In a desert land,
Surrounds the little tomb.

No birds are there to warble,
No sounds on the breezes float,
  Save the vulture's "caw,"
  Full of dismal awe,
And the howl of the gray coyote.

John Brayshaw Kaye.

THE PLAINS.

ROOM! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
And to grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.
Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered sea
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
Offers rest; and unquestioned you come or you go.
My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.

Joaquin Miller.

Point Lobos, Cal.

AT POINT LOBOS.

CLEAR noon without obscurity.
No flake of cloud 'twixt heaven and me;
No mist athwart the Golden Gate:
The hearty sun doth wilfully
His profuse beams precipitate.

I cling to humpèd rocks that kneel
On unswept sands, where breakers reel
In splendid curves, and pile their foam
In spongy hills, that slow congeal,
And dulse and drift-wood find a home.

We clasp the silver crescent set
Within the hazy parapet
That belts the horizon: in glee
I count the fitful puffs that fret
The eternal levels of the sea.

I watch the waves that seem to breathe
And pant unceasingly beneath
Their silken coverings, that cringe,
As flecked with swirls of froth, they seethe,
And whip, and flutter to a fringe.

Brown pipers run upon the sand
Like shadows; far out from the land
Gray gulls slide up against the blue;
One shining spar is sudden manned
By squadrons of their wrecking crew.

My city is beyond the hill;
I cannot hear its voices shrill:
I little heed its gains and greeds:
Here is my song, where waters spill
Their liquid strophes in the reeds.

And to this music I forswear
Whatever soils the world with care:
I see the listless waters toss,—

I track the swift lark through the air, —
I lie with sunlight on the moss.

White caravans of cloud go by
Across the desert of bright sky,
And burly winds are following
The trailing pilgrims, as they fly
Over the grassy hills of spring.

What Mecca are they hastening to?
What princess journeying to woo
In the rich Orient? I am thrilled
With spice and odor they imbue, —
I feed upon their manna spilled!

I strip my breast with eager mind,
To tarry and invite the wind
To my embrace: by curious spell
It quickens me with praises kind, —
'T is Ariel that blows his shell!

Invisible, and soft as dews
Descending, he his love renews,
Delighting daisy colonies
That gloss them with the lustrous ooze
Of meadows steeped in ecstasies.

Until the homely, sunburnt Heads,
The tumbling hills, in browns and reds,
And gray sand-hillocks, everywhere
Are buried in the mist that sheds
Its subtle snow upon the air.

And Prospero, aroused from sleep,
Recalls his spirits from the deep, —
They cross the wave with stealthy tread,
Their shadows down upon me sweep, —
And day is past, and joy is fled.

I hear the dismal bells that shout
Their warning to the ships without:
The dripping sails are reefed and furled,
The pilots sound and grope about, —
The Gate is barred against the world!

Charles Warren Stoddard.

Prairies, The.

THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the Gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name, —
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever. — Motionless?
No, — they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,

The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
That toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not, — ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific, — have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky,
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love, —
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.
As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here, —
The dead of other days? — and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds

That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race, that long has passed away,
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his manèd shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came, —
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone, —
All, save the piles of earth that hold their bones,
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods,
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,

And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget — yet ne'er forgot — the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.
Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face, — among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps, — yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers

They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

AY, this is freedom! — these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,

I plant me, where the red deer feed
In the green desert, — and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
In pastures, measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripe of waving sedge;
The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
Of vines, as huge and old and gray!
Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,

Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky:
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams, — my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods, — I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes,
That welcome my return at night.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE PRAIRIE.

THE skies are blue above my head,
The prairie green below,
And flickering o'er the tufted grass
The shifting shadows go,

Vague-sailing, where the feathery clouds
  Fleck white the tranquil skies,
Black javelins darting where aloft
  The whirring pheasant flies.

A glimmering plain in drowsy trance
  The dim horizon bounds,
Where all the air is resonant
  With sleepy summer sounds, —
The life that sings among the flowers,
  The lisping of the breeze,
The hot cicala's sultry cry,
  The murmurous dream of bees.

The butterfly — a flying flower —
  Wheels swift in flashing rings,
And flutters round his quiet kin,
  With brave flame-mottled wings.
The wild pinks burst in crimson fire,
  The phlox' bright clusters shine,
And prairie-cups are swinging free
  To spill their airy wine.

And lavishly beneath the sun,
  In liberal splendor rolled,
The fennel fills the dipping plain
  With floods of flowery gold;
And widely weaves the iron-weed
  A woof of purple dyes
Where Autumn's royal feet may tread
  When bankrupt Summer flies.

In verdurous tumult far away
The prairie-billows gleam,
Upon their crests in blessing rests
The noontide's gracious beam.
Low quivering vapors steaming dim
The level splendors break
Where languid lilies deck the rim
Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the east like low-hung clouds
The waving woodlands lie;
Far in the west the glowing plain
Melts warmly in the sky.
No accent wounds the reverent air,
No footprint dints the sod,—
Lone in the light the prairie lies,
Wrapt in a dream of God.

John Hay.

THE PRAIRIE.

BEYOND, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass
The Tartar's marvels of his Land of Grass,
Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores
Wave after wave the billowy greenness pours;
And, onward still, like islands in that main
Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain chain,
Whence east and west a thousand waters run
From winter lingering under summer's sun.
And, still beyond, long lines of foam and sand
Tell where Pacific rolls his waves aland,

From many a wide-lapped port and land-locked bay,
Opening with thunderous pomp the world's highway
To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far Cathay.
* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

OH, my baby, my child, my darling!
Lost and gone in the prairie wild;
Mad gray wolves from the forest snarling,
Snarling for thee, my little child!

Lost, lost! gone forever!
Gay snakes rattled and charmed and sung;
On thy head the sun's fierce fever,
Dews of death on thy white lip hung!

Dead and pale in the moonlight's glory,
Cold and dead by the black oak-tree;
Only a small shoe, stained and gory,
Blood-red, tattered, — comes home to me.

Over the grass that rolls, like ocean,
On and on to the blue, bent sky,
Something comes with a hurried motion,
Something calls with a choking cry, —

"Here, here! not dead, but living!"
God! Thy goodness — what can I pray?
Blessed more in this second giving,
Laid in happier arms to-day.

Oh, my baby, my child, my darling!
Wolf and snake and the lonely tree
Still are rustling, hissing, snarling;
Here 's my baby come back to me!

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

THE shades of evening closed around
The boundless prairies of the west,
As, grouped in sadness on the ground,
A band of pilgrims leaned to rest:
Upon the tangled weeds were laid
The mother and her youngest born,
Who slept, while others watched and prayed,
And thus the weary night went on.

Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky, —
When on the whispering winds there came
The Teton's shrill and thrilling cry,
And heaven was pierced with shafts of flame!
The sun seemed rising through the haze,
But with an aspect dread and dire:
The very air appeared to blaze! —
O God! the Prairie was on fire!

Around the centre of the plain
A belt of flame retreat denied, —
And, like a furnace, glowed the train
That walled them in on every side:
And onward rolled the torrent wild, —
Wreaths of dense smoke obscured the sky!

The mother knelt beside her child,
And all, — save one, — shrieked out, "We die!"

"Not so!" he cried. — "Help! — Clear the sedge!
Strip bare a circle to the land!"
That done, he hastened to its edge,
And grasped a rifle in his hand:
Dried weeds he held beside the pan,
Which kindled at a flash the mass!
"Now fire fight fire!" he said, as ran
The forkèd flames among the grass.

On three sides then the torrent flew,
But on the fourth no more it raved!
Then large and broad the circle grew,
And thus the pilgrim band was saved!
The flames receded far and wide, —
The mother had not prayed in vain:
God had the Teton's arts defied!
His scythe of fire had swept the plain!

George P. Morris.

THE PRAIRIE.

WE stand, my horse and I,
On the prairie's high divide,
With nothing betwixt us and the sky,
And naught the land to hide.

And, oh! it is fair to see
The acres and acres that roll

Like the waves of a stiffened sea,
With ours to crown the whole.

And far away a plain,
Through which a river glides;
Yet never a single field of grain
The fertile soil provides.

Long has it been the right
Of bison and of deer;
The home of the red man in his might,
Who scorns to have a peer.

But now is the scene all still
As a graveyard's hallowed ground;
Nor sign of life save of us on the hill,
Nor any other sound.

George P. Guerrier.

A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.

ONE night a band of Indians attacked us,
Crossing the Rocky Mountains once by stage,
And left us horseless in a waste of cactus
And parched wild sage, —
A desert region, — dreary desolation,
Where never flower bloomed or grass grew green,
As if accursed of God from the creation
The land had been.

Yet here, remote from man, unused to tillage,
Afar from human joy and human strife,

We walked the roadsides of a thrifty village
Of busy life,
And saw the people resting from their labors;
Snug houses theirs, well filled with winter stores,
And matrons, chattering gossip with their neighbors,
Stood at the doors.

"The little prairie-dog here builds his burrow,"
Our driver said, "and here the rattlesnake
And solemn owl, helpmates in joy and sorrow,
Their dwelling make,
And in these burrows, snug in every weather,
Secure each one in all his rights, the three,
A happy family, consort together
In unity.

"The snake, strong-armed and fierce, keeps out the stranger;
The owl, Minerva's bird, sage counsel gives;
And so the prairie-dog in haunts of danger
In safety lives;
And all unfettered by your laws of iron,
Each lending cheerful help, their homes they build;
Together thus lie down the lamb and lion,
God's word fulfilled."

* * *

Edward B. Nealley.

A PRAIRIE RIDE.

ACROSS the prairie, toward the west,
We rode at day's declining:
What radiant pictures we beheld,
In heavenly ether shining!

How blends the purple, rosy light,
And melts into the golden,
Across the azure, crimson bars,
Like some escutcheon olden.

The prairie seems a grassy lake
Where countless islets cluster;
Green sumac clumps, that wear not yet
The autumn's scarlet lustre.

* * *

The varied tints of budding leaves,
The long, cool shadows lying
Across the grass, weird shapes of clouds
Before the breezes flying;

The plaintive call of whippoorwill,
The mourning dove's complaining,
The doleful tale the katydid
Repeats, no answer gaining;

Each sight, each sound our souls possess
With sense of summer's being;
And Nature wears her choicest dress
For those with eyes for seeing!

The splendor fades, the amber pales
To neutral tint uncertain,
And swiftly, fold on fold, descends
The evening's sombre curtain.

But still our good steeds gallop on
O'er phloxes and verbenas;
The quiet holds us like a charm,
No word is said between us.

Sweet stars above, sweet flowers beneath,
Shine in the twilight faintly,
While rising in the dusky east
The moon glows white and saintly.

We turn our horses' heads for home,
Beneath the wind's cool kisses:
Will life or earth e'er yield again
A joy as pure as this is?

* * *

Margaret Stewart Sibley.

A PRAIRIE NEST.

WHEN youth was in its May-day prime,
Life's blossoming and singing time,
While heart and hope made cheerful chime,
We dropped into our cottage-nest
Upon a prairie's mighty breast,
Soft billowing towards the unknown West.

Green earth beneath, blue sky above!
Through verdure vast the hidden dove
Sent plaintively her moan of love.

South wind and sunshine filled the air;
Thought flew in widening curves, to share
The large, sweet calmness everywhere.

In space two confluent rivers made, —
Kaskaskia, that far southward strayed,
And Mississippi, sunk in shade
Of level twilights, — nestled we,
As in the cleft branch of a tree;
Green grass, blue sky, all we could see.

Torch-like, our garden-plot illumed
The sea-like waste, when sunset gloomed;
Its homely scents the night perfumed;
And through the long bright noontide hours
Its tints outblazed the prairie-flowers:
Gay, gay and glad, that nest of ours!

Our marigolds, our poppies red,
Straggling away from their trim bed,
With phlox and larkspur rioted;
And we, fresh-hearted, every day
Found fantasies wherewith to play,
As daring and as free as they.

The drumming grouse; the whistling quail;
Wild horses prancing down the gale;
A lonely tree that seemed a sail
Far out at sea; a cabin-spark
Winking at us across the dark:
The wolf's cry, like a watch-dog's bark;

And sometimes sudden jet and spire
Belting the horizon in with fire,

That writhed and died in serpent-gyre, —
Without a care we saw, we heard:
To dread or pleasure lightly stirred
As, in mid-flight, the homeward bird.

The stars hung low above our roof;
Rainbow and cloud-film wrought a woof
Of glory round us, danger-proof;
It sometimes seemed as if our cot
Were the one safe, selected spot
Whereon Heaven centred steadiest thought.

Man was afar, but God close by;
And we might fold our wings, or fly,
Beneath the sun, His open eye:
With bird and breeze in brotherhood,
We simply felt and understood
That earth was fair, that He was good.

Nature, so full of secrets coy,
Wrote out the mystery of her joy
On those broad swells of Illinois;
Her virgin heart to Heaven was true.
We trusted Heaven and her, and knew
The grass was green, the skies were blue,

And life was sweet! What find we more
In wearying quest from shore to shore?
Ah, gracious memory! to restore
Our golden West, its sun, its showers,
And that gay little nest of ours
Dropped down among the prairie-flowers!

Lucy Larcom.

Rocky Mountains, The.

ON RECROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN WINTER, AFTER MANY YEARS.

LONG years ago I wandered here,
In the midsummer of the year, —
Life's summer too;
A score of horsemen here we rode,
The mountain world its glories showed,
All fair to view.

These scenes in glowing colors drest,
Mirrored the life within my breast,
Its world of hopes;
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze
That stirred the grass in verdant seas
On billowy slopes,

And glistening crag in sunlit sky,
Mid snowy clouds piled mountains high,
Were joys to me;
My path was o'er the prairie wide,
Or here on grander mountain-side,
To choose, all free.

The rose that waved in morning air,
And spread its dewy fragrance there
In careless bloom,
Gave to my heart its ruddiest hue,
O'er my glad life its color threw
And sweet perfume.

Now changed the scene and changed the eyes,
That here once looked on glowing skies,
Where summer smiled;
These riven trees, this wind-swept plain,
Now show the winter's dread domain,
Its fury wild.

The rocks rise black from storm-packed snow,
All checked the river's pleasant flow,
Vanished the bloom;
These dreary wastes of frozen plain
Reflect my bosom's life again,
Now lonesome gloom.

The buoyant hopes and busy life
Have ended all in hateful strife,
And thwarted aim.
The world's rude contact killed the rose,
No more its radiant color shows
False roads to fame.

Backward, amidst the twilight glow
Some lingering spots yet brightly show
On hard roads won,
Where still some grand peaks mark the way
Touched by the light of parting day
And memory's sun.

But here thick clouds the mountains hide,
The dim horizon bleak and wide
No pathway shows,
And rising gusts, and darkening sky,
Tell of the night that cometh, nigh,
The brief day's close.

Anonymous.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE deep, transparent sky is full
Of many thousand glittering lights, —
Unnumbered stars that calmly rule
The dark dominions of the night.
The mild, bright moon has upward risen,
Out of the gray and boundless plain,
And all around the white snows glisten,
Where frost and ice and silence reign, —
While ages roll away, and they unchanged remain.

These mountains, piercing the blue sky
With their eternal cones of ice;
The torrents dashing from on high,
O'er rock and crag and precipice;
Change not, but still remain as ever,
Unwasting, deathless, and sublime,
And will remain while lightnings quiver,
Or stars the hoary summits climb,
Or rolls the thunder-chariot of eternal Time.

It is not so with all, — I change,
And waste as with a living death,
Like one that hath become a strange,
Unwelcome guest, and lingereth
Among the memories of the past,
Where he is a forgotten name;
For Time hath greater power to blast
The hopes, the feelings, and the fame,
To make the passions fierce, or their first strength to tame.

The wind comes rushing swift by me,
Pouring its coolness on my brow;
Such was I once, — as proudly free,
And yet, alas! how altered now!
Yet, while I gaze upon yon plain,
These mountains, this eternal sky,
The scenes of boyhood come again,
And pass before the vacant eye,
Still wearing something of their ancient brilliancy.

Yet why complain? — for what is wrong,
False friends, cold-heartedness, deceit,
And life already made too long,
To one who walks with bleeding feet
Over its paths? — it will but make
Death sweeter when it comes at last, —
And though the trampled heart may ache,
Its agony of pain is past,
And calmness gathers there, while life is ebbing fast.

Perhaps, when I have passed away,
Like the sad echo of a dream,
There may be some one found to say
A word that might like sorrow seem.
That I would have, — one saddened tear,
One kindly and regretting thought, —
Grant me but that! — and even here,
Here, in this lone, unpeopled spot,
To breathe away this life of pain, I murmur not.

Albert Pike.

Sacramento, the River, Cal.

RIO SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO! Sacramento,
Down the rough Nevada foaming,
Fain my heart would join thy water
In its glad, impetuous roaming,
For thy valley's fairest daughter
Watches oft to see thee coming!

Sacramento! Sacramento!
From the shining threads that wove thee, —
From the mountain woods that darken
All the mountain heaven above thee,
Teach her ear thy song to hearken,
And, for what it says, to love thee!

Sacramento! Sacramento!
Lead me downward to the glory
Of thy green and flowery meadows;
I will leave the deserts hoary,
For thy grove of quiet shadows
And my love's impassioned story.

Sacramento! Sacramento!
Every dancing rainbow broken
When thy falling waves are shattered,
Is a glad and beckoning token

Of the hopes so warmly scattered
And the vows that we have spoken!

Sacramento! Sacramento!
She, beside thee, waits my coming;
Teach my step thy bounding fleetness,
Towards the bower of beauty roaming,
Where she stands, in maiden sweetness,
Gazing idly on thy foaming!

Bayard Taylor.

St. George and St. Paul, the Islands. Alaska.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES IN DISTANT ISLES.

A CHIME of nine bells, and another of six, cast in Boston, have been hung in the belfries of the little Greek churches on the isles of St. Paul and St. George, situated in the Behring Sea, not far from the straits, off Alaska.

BROAD paddles uplifting, the spray from the Behring
Baptized all the bells under lee of the isle;
Their Boston inscription glad Russians were spelling,
As the vessel that bore them dipped colors the while.

The Arctic sun setting, for happy leave-taking,
With red hand anointed each slumbering tongue,
Till, sweeter than song-birds at early morn waking,
The first chime of bells in that distant clime rung!

And lo! the sea-eagle, broad pinions just poising,
From Mount St. Elias far inland to sweep,
Drooped wings in amaze, and his proud neck upraising,
With wonder-lit eyeballs gazed far o'er the deep.

O'er Yukan's calm waters their light *baider* guiding,
Koloschians heard chime from Isle of St. Paul;
And each to next rower, in deep awe confiding,
Low whispered: "I hear the great Spirit's footfall!"

Their oars drip apeak, and they wait for strange vision;
Aurora her magical banners unrolls;
As statue sits helmsman, while borne from far mission,
The silvery music enraptures all souls!

And leader of dog-sledge, his furry ears raising,
As flies the long *yourt* over deep-crusted snow,
Hears echoed carillon the Son of God praising,
And pauses, unmindful of whip's cruel blow!

His hood of rich sable the voyageur loosens;
Like sword-hilt that slippeth from paralyzed hand,
The lash leaves his grasp, while he eagerly listens,
His keen glances roving o'er sea and o'er land.

E'en St. Michael's sentry, the melody hearing,
Feels tears from his eyelids like summer rain fall;
The scenes of his childhood forever endearing,
Those echoes delicious that moment recall!

A New England homestead before him is dawning;
He sees the red cottage in flowery dell;

The group at the doorway one still summer morning,
And dear mother waving her sailor farewell!

His pent-up emotion no longer restraining,
The musket clangs earthward, and cheer upon cheer
The garrison startles; all rush to the paling,
And soft, dying echoes now charm every ear!

With white wine and biscuit the fishermen hardy
A feast held, to honor the bells of each isle;
"To salvation's Rossignol never be tardy,"
Said priest, draining goblet with rapturous smile.

Ring on, thou sweet Angelus! the old story telling!
For precious souls herald a glad second birth;
Salvation's hand holding, so patient and willing,
The chain whose bright links shall encircle the earth!

George Bancroft Griffith.

St. Louis, Mo.

UP THE RIVER-SIDE.

A SABBATH hush pervades the summer day,
As seated here beside the shining sands,
I gaze on once again the arid lands,
That weed-besprinkled westward stretch away;
The waves that wash the beach about me lay
Smooth mirrors in their track, and vast expands
The stream's majestic breast, to where up-stands

Fair Venice in her groves beside her bay.
And so serenely on the sands of gold
I lie and listen to the beat of wave
And boom of wind, and watch the river-gleams;
Then seas of slumber are about me rolled,
And as within their waters deep I lave,
The scene before me fades and floats away in dreams.

Frank Foy.

ST. LOUIS.

ONCE more I give an idle song to thee,
Fair city sitting by the waters wide.
Forever with thy people shall abide
Honor and peace, in every home shall be
A hope made stronger by adversity,
And they, those mighty men, who at thy side
Now lead thee doubtful onward, they shall guide
Thy feet into the golden age to be.
O thou that art to rule the empired west,
Be strong, and labor, — labor for the gold
Of after greatness! though the voice of them
Who envy thee be loud, still, undistrest,
Mind well the time when they shall all behold
The light of thine imperial diadem.

Frank Foy.

San Francisco, Cal.

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR KING'S HOUSE OF WORSHIP, 1864.

AMIDST these glorious works of thine,
The solemn minarets of the pine,
And awful Shasta's icy shrine, —

Where swell thy hymns from wave and gale,
And organ-thunders never fail,
Behind the cataract's silver veil, —

Our puny walls to thee we raise,
Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise:
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways!

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,
We urge thee not with selfish prayers,
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before thee, in an evil day,
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,
And dare not ask thy hand to stay;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to thee
For union, but a union free,
With peace that comes of purity!

That thou wilt bare thy arm to save,
And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,
Make broad a pathway for the slave!

For us, confessing all our need,
We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,
Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that thou art good
To each, as to the multitude,
Eternal Love and Fatherhood, —

Weak, sinful, blind, to thee we kneel,
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even
We wait to see with thy forgiven
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to thee, —
Thy Church our broad humanity!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard, —
The music of the world's accord
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love, restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SERENE, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * *

O lion's whelp! that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast,

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog! and hide
Her sceptic sneer, and all her pride.

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowlèd, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see, —

Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place, —

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

Bret Harte.

LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

THIS is that hill of awe
That Persian Sindbad saw, —
The mount magnetic;
And on its seaward face,
Scattered along its base,
The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies
Blown by each idle breeze,
To and fro shifting;
Yet to the hill of Fate
All drawing, soon or late, —
Day by day drifting; —

Drifting forever here
Barks that for many a year
Braved wind and weather;
Shallops but yesterday
Launched on yon shining bay, —
Drawn all together.

This is the end of all:
Sun thyself by the wall,
O poorer Hindbad!
Envy not Sindbad's fame:
Here come alike the same,
Hindbad and Sindbad.

Bret Harte.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate:
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales:
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay;
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Saucelito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others — behold — unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatras:
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armèd isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
Were blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war or wind or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships? — what news, what freight,
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken:
Oh, how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!
How many an hour have you and I,

Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving
Over the waste, for something loving,
Something rich and chaste and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gems, affection's gold,
Return as remorse, and a broken vow,
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine, and soar to heaven,
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

Edward Pollock.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

YEARS, years of waiting, while in shapes terrific
Have loomed the obstacles that held me back;
And now I see, at length, the broad Pacific
Rolling far westward in the sunset's track;
And now I know how that discoverer Spanish,
Balboa, his long toilsome journey made,
One first glimpse caught, in fear the whole might vanish,
A mirage, — dropped upon his knees and prayed.

The Sunset Sea! The noblest and the broadest
Of all the oceans girdling wave-washed earth;
The calmest, gentlest, yet at times the maddest,
In raving paroxysms of stormy mirth.
The Eagle's continent its eastern border;
Its western, that on which one half mankind
Sit under despotisms of deadly order
And bow to superstitions old as blind.

And yet how near together, spite of distance,
Stand the two mighty continents, to-day!
How nearly, at this stage of man's existence,
Current to current makes its powerful way!
Within this Golden Gate, the noblest, surely,
Of all the entrances of all the seas,
The Asian barks-of-hope float in securely,
And furl their lateen sails, and ride at ease.

To prove that land to land is each a neighbor,
Though leagues unnumbered stretch between the twain;
To complicate the problem vexed, of labor,
And aid, one day, perhaps, to make it plain;
While westward stretches, to the Orient boundless,
An influence mighty, from the Land of Gold,
Of which no hope can e'er be vain or groundless
Till all the New has leavened all the Old.

The Golden Gate, indeed! where cliffs stand sentry,
And mountains heavenward lift their giant forms,
And western gales make rough and dangerous entry
To havens that shut away the wildest storms, —
Fit index for the marvellous City, rising
To granite strength from whelming waves and sands, —
In wealth, in vice, in power, in good, surprising, —
Most strange anomaly of human hands!

The Golden Gate, indeed! — when morning flashes
Its cloudless splendors o'er wave, cliff, and height,
When wild the surf on rocky Lobos dashes,
Then glorious, grand, exhilarant, and bright;
But crowned supreme, when cloudland's shapes immortal
Attend the sun low down the radiant west,
And the grand gateway grows a gilded portal
For sailing towards the Islands of the Blest.

Henry Morford.

PRESIDIO DE SAN FRANCISCO 1800.

I.

LOOKING seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands the
fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron
saint, —

Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the
creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's
golden reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon
brushed away,
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-
day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering
eye, —
Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious passer-
by;

Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of
gold
With the plain and homespun present, and a love that
ne'er grows old;

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the
meaner dust, —
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

II.

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are.

He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;

He, from grave provincial magnates, oft had turned to talk apart
With the Commandante's daughter, on the questions of the heart,

Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;

Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the twofold contract for approval of the Czar;

Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothèd bade adieu,
And, from sally-port and gateway, north the Russian eagles flew.

III.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty breeze, —
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;

Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks, —
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;

Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted; wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers, — half a year of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message, — brought no tidings ill nor meet
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered; "Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze, —
Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of
olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long
sweet lashes down;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered as for some
denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine
distress.

Then the grim Commander, pacing where the brazen
cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs, — wisdom gathered
from afar;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his
speech:

"'Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far
as he';
'Tired wench and coming butter never did in time
agree.'

"'He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he
shall have flies';
'In the end God grinds the miller'; 'In the dark the
mole has eyes.'

"'He whose father is Alcalde, of his trial hath no fear,' —
And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his
conduct clear."

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom
it would teach
Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian speech;

And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he
would dwell
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows
so well.

So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half
in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and
went out.

IV.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping, came the stately
cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each
maid;

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic
sport;
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the
court.

Vainly then at Concha's lattice, — vainly as the idle
wind
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the
youth too kind;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and
fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their
mustang's feet;

So in vain the barren hillsides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more with patient mien
The Commander and his daughter each took up the dull routine, —

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

V.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas.

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay;
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey.

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gayly drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveller and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulation with the English baronet;

Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine
Some one spoke of Concha's lover, — heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak no ill of him, I pray.
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.

'Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.
Left a sweetheart too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course!

"Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet, guests, and hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck gaze of all.

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died too!"

Bret Harte.

Sangamon, the River, Ill.

THE PAINTED CUP.

THE fresh savannas of the Sangamon
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire;
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the painted cup.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
That these bright chalices were tinted thus
To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers,
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world;
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-birds
To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
To swell the reddening fruit that even now
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.

But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well, —
Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,
Lingering amid the bloomy waste he loves,

Though all his swarthy worshippers are gone,
Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown
And ruddy with the sunshine, — let him come
On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,
And part with little hands the spiky grass;
And touching, with his cherry lips, the edge
Of these bright beakers, drain the gathered dew.

William Cullen Bryant.

San Joaquin, Cal.

THE WONDERFUL SPRING OF SAN JOAQUIN.

OF all the fountains that poets sing, —
Crystal, thermal, or mineral spring;
Ponce de Leon's Fount of Youth;
Wells with bottoms of doubtful truth;
In short, of all the springs of Time
That ever were flowing in fact or rhyme,
That ever were tasted, felt, or seen, —
There were none like the Spring of San Joaquin.

Anno Domini Eighteen-Seven,
Father Dominguez (now in heaven, —
Obiit Eighteen twenty-seven)
Found the spring, and found it, too,
By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe;
For his beast — a descendant of Balaam's ass —
Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.

The Padre thought the omen good,
And bent his lips to the trickling flood;
Then, — as the chronicles declare,
On the honest faith of a true believer, —
His cheeks, though wasted, lank, and bare,
Filled like a withered russet-pear
In the vacuum of a glass receiver,
And the snows that seventy winters bring
Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news
The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.
The Church, of course, had its own views
Of who were worthiest to use
The magic spring; but the prior claim
Fell to the aged, sick, and lame.
Far and wide the people came:
Some from the healthful Aptos creek
Hastened to bring their helpless sick;
Even the fishers of rude Soquel
Suddenly found they were far from well;
The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo
Said, in fact, they had never been so:
And all were ailing, — strange to say, —
From Pescadero to Monterey.

Over the mountain they poured in
With leathern bottles, and bags of skin;
Through the cañons a motley throng
Trotted, hobbled, and limped along.
The fathers gazed at the moving scene

With pious joy and with souls serene;
And then — a result perhaps foreseen —
They laid out the Mission of San Joaquin.

Not in the eyes of Faith alone
The good effects of the waters shone;
But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,
Of rough vaquero and muleteer;
Angular forms were rounded out,
Limbs grew supple, and waists grew stout;
And as for the girls, — for miles about
They had no equal! To this day,
From Pescadero to Monterey,
You 'll still find eyes in which are seen
The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

There is a limit to human bliss,
And the Mission of San Joaquin had this:
None went abroad to roam or stay,
But they fell sick in the queerest way, —
A singular *maladie du pays*,
With gastric symptoms: so they spent
Their days in a sensuous content;
Caring little for things unseen
Beyond their bowers of living green, —
Beyond the mountains that lay between
The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

Winter passed, and the summer came:
The trunks of *madroño* all aflame,
Here and there through the underwood

Like pillars of fire starkly stood.
All of the breezy solitude
  Was filled with the spicing of pine and bay
And resinous odors mixed and blended,
  And dim and ghost-like far away
The smoke of the burning woods ascended.
Then of a sudden the mountains swam,
The rivers piled their floods in a dam,
The ridge above Los Gatos creek
  Arched its spine in a feline fashion;
The forests waltzed till they grew sick,
  And Nature shook in a speechless passion;
And, swallowed up in the earthquake's spleen,
The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin
Vanished, and nevermore was seen!

Two days passed: the Mission folk
Out of their rosy dream awoke.
Some of them looked a trifle white;
But that, no doubt, was from earthquake fright.
Three days: there was sore distress,
Headache, nausea, giddiness.
Four days: faintings, tenderness
Of the mouth and fauces; and in less
Than one week, — here the story closes;
We won't continue the prognosis, —
Enough that now no trace is seen
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

Bret Harte.

Santa Cruz, the Island, Cal.

TO A SEA-BIRD.

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings,
Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
The bar that thunders, the shale that rings, —
Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that 's new;
Storms and wrecks are old things to thee;
Sick am I of these changes too;
Little to care for, little to rue, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
Bring thee at last to shore and me;
All of my journeyings end them here,
This our tether must be our cheer, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
Something in common, old friend, have we;
Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,
I to the waters look for rest, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Bret Harte.

Shiloh (Pittsburg Landing), Tenn.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"COME a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you, — let me
take the cup;
Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another
little sup!
May be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well
used up, —
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just
a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much
use to try" —
"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered
down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say
die!"
"What you say will make no difference, Doctor,
when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were
very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I
been away?"
"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor, — Doctor,
please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you won't
have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I 'm ready now
to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it could n't ha'
been so, —
For as sure as I 'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at
Shiloh,
I 've this very night been back there, on the old field
of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the
Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises
much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something
called my name:
'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!' — just that
way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and
so slow,
Knew it could n't be the Lighter, — he could not have
spoken so, —
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I could n't
make it go;
For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't make
it go!

"Then I thought: It 's all a nightmare, all a humbug
and a bore;
Just another foolish grape-vine,[1] — and it won't come
any more;

[1] Canard.

But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!' — even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'It is the eleventh hour!
Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton — it is the eleventh hour!'

"Doctor Austin! what day is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What time is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve."
"Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark
rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the
coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or
else their ghost, —
And the same old transport came and took me over,
—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and
wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there Mc-
Clernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where
Hurlbut's heroes died, —
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept
charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was
of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where
Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began
to win, —
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we
began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything
was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on
my head,

I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence! — Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered, — up into the infinite, —
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding-stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare, —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of — 'Halt, and who goes there!'
'I 'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced! That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne! —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line! —

'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by
that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old
cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only
of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and
bloodless glaive;
'That 's the way, sir, to head-quarters.' 'What head-
quarters?' 'Of the brave.'
'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is
the way, sir, of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me, at his uniform
of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and
bright:
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform
to-night, —
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve
o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting
there, and I —
Doctor, — did you hear a footstep? Hark! — God bless
you all! Good-by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack,
when I die,
To my son — my son that 's coming, — he won't get
here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did
before, —
And to carry that old musket" — Hark! a knock is
at the door! —
"Till the Union" — See! it opens! "Father! Fa-
ther! speak once more!"
"Bless you!" gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and he
lay and said no more!

Forceythe Willson.

Sierra Madre, New Mexico Ter.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

PERCHED like an eagle on this kingly height,
That towers toward heaven above all neighboring
heights,
Owning no mightier but the King of kings,
I look abroad on what seems boundless space,
And feel in every nerve and pulsing vein
A deep thrill of my immortality.
How desolate is all around! No tree,
Or shrub, or blade, or blossom ever springs
Amid these bald and blackened rocks; no wing
Save the fell vulture's ever fans the thin
And solemn atmosphere; no rain e'er falls
From passing clouds, — for this stupendous peak
Is lifted far above the summer storm,
Its thunders and its lightnings. As I hold

Strange converse with the genius of the place,
I feel as if I were a demigod,
And waves of thought seem beating on my soul
As ocean billows on a rocky shore
O'erstrown with mouldering wrecks.
I look abroad,
And to my eyes the whole world seems unrolled
As 't were an open scroll. The beautiful,
Grand, and majestic, near and far, are blent
Like colors in the bow upon the cloud.
Illimitable plains, with myriad flowers,
White, blue, and crimson, like our country's flag;
The green of ancient forests, like the green
Of the old ocean wrinkled by the winds;
Cities and towns, dim and mysterious,
Like something pictured in the dreams of sleep;
A hundred streams, with all their wealth of isles,
Some bright and clear, and some with gauze-like mists
Half veiled like beauty's cheek; tall mountain-chains,
Stretching afar to the horizon's verge,
With an intenser blue than that of heaven,
Forever beckoning to the human soul
To fly from pinnacle to pinnacle
Like an exulting storm-bird: these, all these,
Sink deep into my spirit like a spell
From God's own spirit, and I can but bow
To Nature's awful majesty, and weep
As if my head were waters.
Fare thee well,
Old peak, bold monarch of the subject clouds,
That crouch in reverence at thy feet; I go

Afar from thee — to stand where now I stand,
Oh, nevermore. Yet through my few brief years
Of mortal being, these wild wondrous scenes,
On which thou gazest out eternally,
Will be a picture graven on my life,
A portion of my never-dying soul.
What God has pictured Time may not erase.

George Denison Prentice.

Sierra Nevada, Cal.

TO THE SIERRAS.

YE snow-capped mountains, basking in the sun,
Like fleecy clouds that deck the summer skies,
On you I gaze, when day's dull task is done,
Till night shuts out your glories from my eyes.

For stormy turmoil and ambition's strife
I find in you a solace and a balm, —
Derive a higher purpose, truer life,
From your pale splendor, passionless and calm.

Mellowed by distance, all your rugged cliffs
And deep ravines in graceful outlines lie;
Each giant form in silent grandeur lifts
Its hoary summit to the evening sky.

I reck not of the wealth untold, concealed
Beneath your glorious coronal of snows,

Whose budding treasure, yet but scarce revealed,
Shall blossom into trade, — a golden rose.

A mighty realm is waking at your feet
To life and beauty, from the lap of Time,
With cities vast, where millions yet shall meet,
And Peace shall reign in majesty sublime.

Rock-ribbed Sierras, with your crests of snow,
A type of manhood, ever strong and true,
Whose heart with golden wealth should ever glow,
Whose thoughts in purity should symbol you.

John J. Owen.

Stanislaus, the River, Cal.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLOW.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James.
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I 'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones were one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault.
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault:
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown;
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass, — at least, to all intent:
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, — when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up
on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no
more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did
engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger
was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of
Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games:
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about
the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

Bret Harte.

Superior, the Lake.

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,
And, on thy eagle's plume,
Rides forth, like Sindbad on his bird,
Or witch upon her broom!

Below me roar the rocking pines,
Before me spreads the lake
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild rice-eater thresh
The grain he has not sown;
I see, with flashing scythe of fire,
The prairie harvest mown!

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;
I see the Yankee's trail, —
His foot on every mountain-pass,
On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake, and waterfall,
I see his pedler show;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

He 's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded wain;
He 's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,
With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
The axe-stroke in the dell,

The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs;
And war-chiefs with their painted brows,
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find,—
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which leads
The New World in its train
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
  Are kindling on its way;
And California's golden sands
  Gleam brighter in its ray!

Then blessings on thy eagle quill,
  As, wandering far and wide,
I thank thee for this twilight dream
  And Fancy's airy ride!

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

FATHER of Lakes! thy waters bend
  Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
  Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
  Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
  Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
  With listening ear, in sadness broods;
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,
  Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
  Across thy breast like things of air,

Chase from thy lone and level tide
The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu!
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods!
Roll on, thou element of blue,
And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man, —
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all your waves!

Samuel Griswold Goodrich.

THE GRAND SABLE.

THEN the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buck-skin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.
Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.
First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.
Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it

Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE PICTURED ROCKS.

WITH his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.
And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome

To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.
There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.
Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains;
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.
Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins

Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE THREE SHIPS.

OVER the waters clear and dark
Flew, like a startled bird, our bark.

All the day long with steady sweep
Sea-gulls followed us over the deep.

Weird and strange were the silent shores,
Rich with their wealth of buried ores;

Mighty the forests, old and gray,
With the secrets locked in their hearts away;

Semblance of castle and arch and shrine
Towered aloft in the clear sunshine;

And we watched for the warder, stern and grim,
And the priest with his chanted prayer and hymn.

Over that wonderful northern sea,
As one who sails in a dream, sailed we,

Till, when the young moon soared on high,
Nothing was round us but sea and sky.

Far in the east the pale moon swung, —
A crescent dim in the azure hung;

But the sun lay low in the glowing west,
With bars of purple across his breast.

The skies were aflame with the sunset glow,
The billows were all aflame below;

The far horizon seemed the gate
To some mystic world's enchanted state;

And all the air was a luminous mist,
Crimson and amber and amethyst.

Then silently into that fiery sea, —
Into the heart of the mystery, —

Three ships went sailing, one by one,
The fairest visions under the sun.

Like the flame in the heart of a ruby set
Were the sails that flew from each mast of jet;

While darkly against the burning sky
Streamer and pennant floated high.

Steadily, silently, on they pressed
Into the glowing, reddening west;

Until, on the far horizon's fold,
They slowly passed through its gate of gold.

You think, perhaps, they were nothing more
Than schooners laden with common ore?

Where Care clasped hands with grimy Toil,
And the decks were stained with earthly moil?

Oh, beautiful ships, who sailed that night
Into the west from our yearning sight,

Full well I know that the freight ye bore
Was laden not for an earthly shore!

To some far realm ye were sailing on,
Where all we have lost shall yet be won;

Ye were bearing thither a world of dreams,
Bright as that sunset's golden gleams;

And hopes whose tremulous, rosy flush
Grew fairer still in the twilight hush.

Ye were bearing hence to that mystic sphere
Thoughts no mortal may utter here, —

Songs that on earth may not be sung, —
Words too holy for human tongue, —

The golden deeds that we would have done, —
The fadeless wreaths that we would have won!

And hence it was that our souls with you
Traversed the measureless waste of blue,

Till you passed under the sunset gate,
And to us a voice said, softly, "Wait!"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

BY the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,

Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward through the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.
From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.
Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree

Through the rifted leaves and branches.
O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Wah-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing,
From its glossy neck and feathers?
It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning,
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.
And the noble Hiawatha
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles

Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha,
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,

Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

* * *

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,

Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water,
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin

Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Table Mountain, Cal.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

WHICH I wish to remark, —
And my language is plain, —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies:
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;

But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see, —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor";
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs, —

Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, — that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Bret Harte.

Tamalpais, Cal.

TAMALPAIS.

HOW glorious thy dwelling-place!
How manifold thy beauties are!
I do not reckon time or space, —
I worship thy exceeding grace,
And hasten, as a flying star,
To reach thy splendor from afar.

The first flush of thy morning face
Is dear to me; thy shadowless,
Broad noon that doth all sweets confess;
But fairer is thy even fall,
When seem to cry with airy call

Thy roses in the wilderness.
Thy deserts blithely blossoming,
Decoy me for the love of Spring.
With all thy glare and glitter spent,
Thy quiet dusk so eloquent;
Thy veil of vapors — the caress
Of Zephyrus, right cool and sweet —
I cannot wait to love thee less, —
I cling to thee with full content,
And fall a dreaming at thy feet.

Anon the sudden evening gun
Awakes me to the sinking sun
And golden glories at the Gate.
The full, strong tides, that slowly run,
Their sliding waters modulate
To indolent soft winds that wait
And lift a long web newly spun.
I see the groves of scented bay,
And night is in their fragrant mass;
But tassel-shadows swing and sway,
And spangles flash and fade away
Upon their glimmering leaves of glass, —
And there a fence of rail, quite gray,
With ribs of sunlight in the grass, —
And here a branch full well arrayed
With struggling beams a moment stayed,
Like panting butterflies afraid.

Lo! shadows slipping down the slope
And filling every narrow vale,

The shining waters growing pale, —
The mellow-burning star of Hope
And in the wave its silver trope.
A slender shallop, feather-frail,
A pencil-mast and rocking sail.
The glooms that gather at the Gate;
The somber lines against the sky,
While dizzy gnats about me fly,
And overhead the birds go by,
Dropping a note so crystal clear,
The spirit cannot choose but hear.
The hollow moon, and up between
An oak with yard-long mosses, green
In sunlight, now as dull as crape;
The mountain softened in its shape,
Its perfect symmetry attained —
And swathed in velvet folds, and stained
With dusty purple of the grape.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

Tennessee, the River.

ON THE SHORES OF THE TENNESSEE.

"MOVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey, —
Massa won't be with you long;

And I fain would hear the south-wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I 've loved so long and well.
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa 's waiting
For Death's last despatch to come,
If that exiled, starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer; —
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa 's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey 's happy here,
Where he 's tended corn and cotton
For 'ese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder Missis' sleeping, —
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbie she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching, Massa —
If Pompey should beside him stay;
Mebbie she 'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee;

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair of Tennessee.

Still the south-wind fondly lingers
Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair.

With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag 's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door;
Here 's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me, —
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus, — and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ringdove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

Anonymous.

Vincennes, Ind.

THE THREE MOUNDS.

SAID by the old French inhabitants of Vincennes to contain the ashes of the savages, who fell in a severe battle fought near the commencement of the last century.

WHEN o'er the Wabash setting daylight smiles,
And gilds, Vincennes, thy distant spire with gold,
Why turns the pensive eye to yonder piles,
Why lingers fancy on their hallowed mould?

The scene is passed, forever fled the day,
When chiefs, from Mississippi's monarch tide,
With Wabash sachems met in war's array,
And arm in arm each frantic foeman died.

Cold is their senseless dust; extinct and gone
The eye of lightning and the pulse of fire,
The tongue that cheered the struggling warriors on,
The arm that sought to conquer or expire.

In yon three rising mounds their bones repose,
Together there recline the crumbling dead;
They rest together, though they once were foes,
And clasp each other, though they once have bled.

Imagination loves to trace the scene,
Ere Europe's strangers trod this western shore;

When Nature threw around her brightest green,
And bade her mountains bloom, her billows roar;

When naught in all this blooming waste was heard,
Save huntsman's loud halloo and whistling spear,
Save soothing song of evening's lonely bird,
And trampling hoofs of flying herds of deer;

E'en now she views the crimson field of strife,
The frantic eye, that glared o'er scenes of death,
The dusky chieftains and the glittering knife,
The writhing lip, the quick, convulsive breath.

They fell, but not a thought to heaven arose,
Nor mute confession of the lips was there;
They sunk to nature's last and long repose,
To earth no lingering look, to heaven no prayer.

* * *

Yon triple mounds that bloom o'er Wabash' tide
Instruct the inquiring footstep where they sleep;
And many a swain shall linger on their side,
And many a thoughtful eye shall pause and weep.

For who can view the ashes that remain,
And think what was, what is, and what must be,
And yet refuse a tributary strain,
Nor drop a tear to frail humanity?

In western wave has sunk the golden day,
The eagle's wings his cloudcapt cliff regain,
The tinkling flocks resume their homeward way,
And pointed shadows wax along the plain.

Farewell, Vincennes, and Wabash' crystal wave,
The nightly owl has pealed his boding cry;
Farewell, ye three green tombs, that hold the brave;
The world itself 's a tomb, where all shall lie.

Thomas Cogswell Upham.

Wabash, the River.

THE WABASH.

THERE is a river singing in between
Bright fringes of papaw and sycamore,—
That stir to fragrant winds on either shore,—
Where tall blue herons stretch lithe necks, and lean
Over clear currents flowing cool and thin
Through the clean furrows of the pebbly floor.
My own glad river! though unclassic, still
Haunted of merry gods, whose pipings fill
With music all thy golden willow brakes!
Above thee Halcyon lifts his regal crest;
The tulip-tree flings thee its flower-flakes;
The tall flag over thee its lances shakes:
With every charm of beauty thou art blest,
O happiest river of the happy West!

Maurice Thompson.

THE WABASH.

SOFT, silent Wabash! on thy sloping verge
As, fixed in thought, I stay my wandering feet,
And list the gentle rippling of thy surge,
What moving spirits do my fancy greet; —
What flitting phantoms from thy breast emerge,
Forms for the shrouded sepulchre more meet!

In thy dark flowing waters I would see
More than is wont to fix the transient gaze
Of vulgar admiration, though there be
Enough to wake the poet's sweetest lays
In all thy silent beauty; for to me
Thou hast a voice, — a voice of other days.

Nor can I look upon thee with a heart
Unmoved by the intrusive thoughts of sadness,
While fancy pictures thee not as thou art,
But what thou hast been, when the tones of gladness
Were heard upon thy borders, ere the smart
Of stern Oppression turned that joy to madness!

How oft upon thy undulating breast
The light pirogue hath skimmed its silent way,
When nature all around had sunk to rest,
And long had faded the last beam of day;
And still it onward leaped the moonlit crest
And dashed delighted through the silver spray.

Urged by the spirit of revenge and hate,
The savage tenant knit his fiery brow,
And fanned the flame he knew not to abate
Save by the unwearied chase and deadly blow,
Toiling with ceaseless energy to sate
His vengeance on some far, devoted foe!

Perchance secluded in yon green retreat,
Some lordly chieftain, in his pride of power,
Hath lingered oft in rapturous thought to meet
His dark-eyed goddess at the sunset hour,
Where wanton zephyrs dance with flitting feet,
And kiss in gambols rude each blushing flower.

Here with the green wood for his temple dome,
This fragrant bank his consecrated shrine,
Mayhap the pious votary oft hath come,
On nature's breast his sorrows to resign;
From day's dull avocations far to roam
With gazing on such loveliness as thine!

Soft, silent Wabash! thy still waters glide
All heedless of my meditative lay!
But from the tranquil beauty of thy pride
I 'll glean such moral teachings as I may; —
Howe'er may vary Fortune's fickle tide,
Like thee in sweet content I 'll wend my peaceful way.

John B. L. Soule.

White Pine, Nev.

THE MINER'S BURIAL.

FAR up the mountain's craggy side,
Upon a rudely fashioned bier,
They bore him out from where he died
(His cabin near the rocky slide),
With scarce a word, without a tear.

They hollowed out a fitting grave,
Close by the summit's granite rim,
Then gathered round and sung a hymn,
And placed him in the narrow cave.
"To ashes, ashes; dust to dust";
Thus was performed the sacred trust
That man assumes upon his birth,
To give the dead again to earth.

Up to his tomb will clamber still
The sounds he was so used to hear, —
The music of the gad and drill
Beneath the hammer, sharp and clear;
The deep-toned thunder of the blast,
A tidal wave of echo cast
Off from the mountain's rocky crest,
Shall bear his spirit off to rest.

There in his lofty sepulchre,
A league above the distant plain,

His ashes sleep the final sleep;
And passing clouds which floating skirr
Across the vast aerial deep,
In shapes of rugged majesty,
Oft kiss his tomb in passing by.
Or, when a calm is in the air,
Like snowy galleons at rest,
They peaceful lie at anchor there,
To shut the lower world from view,
And point aloft to heaven's deep blue,
The promised haven of the blest.

John Brayshaw Kaye.

THE END.

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